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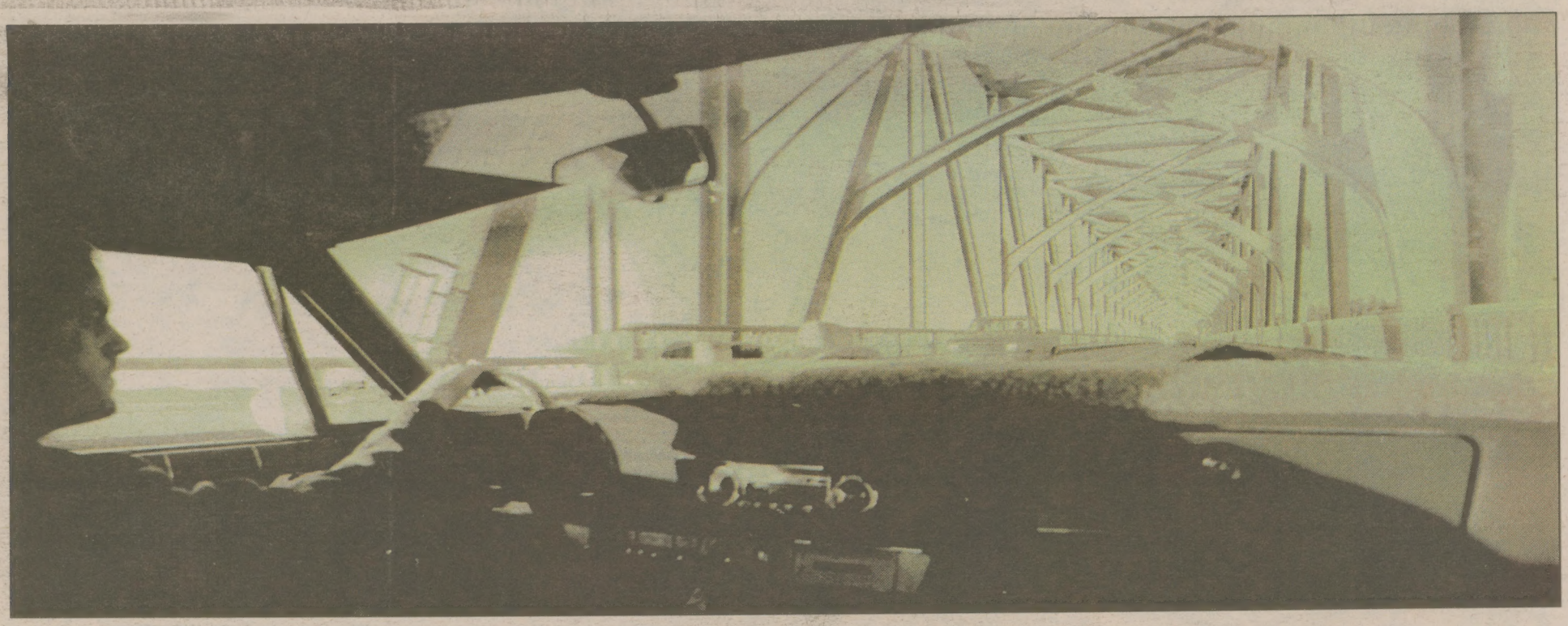

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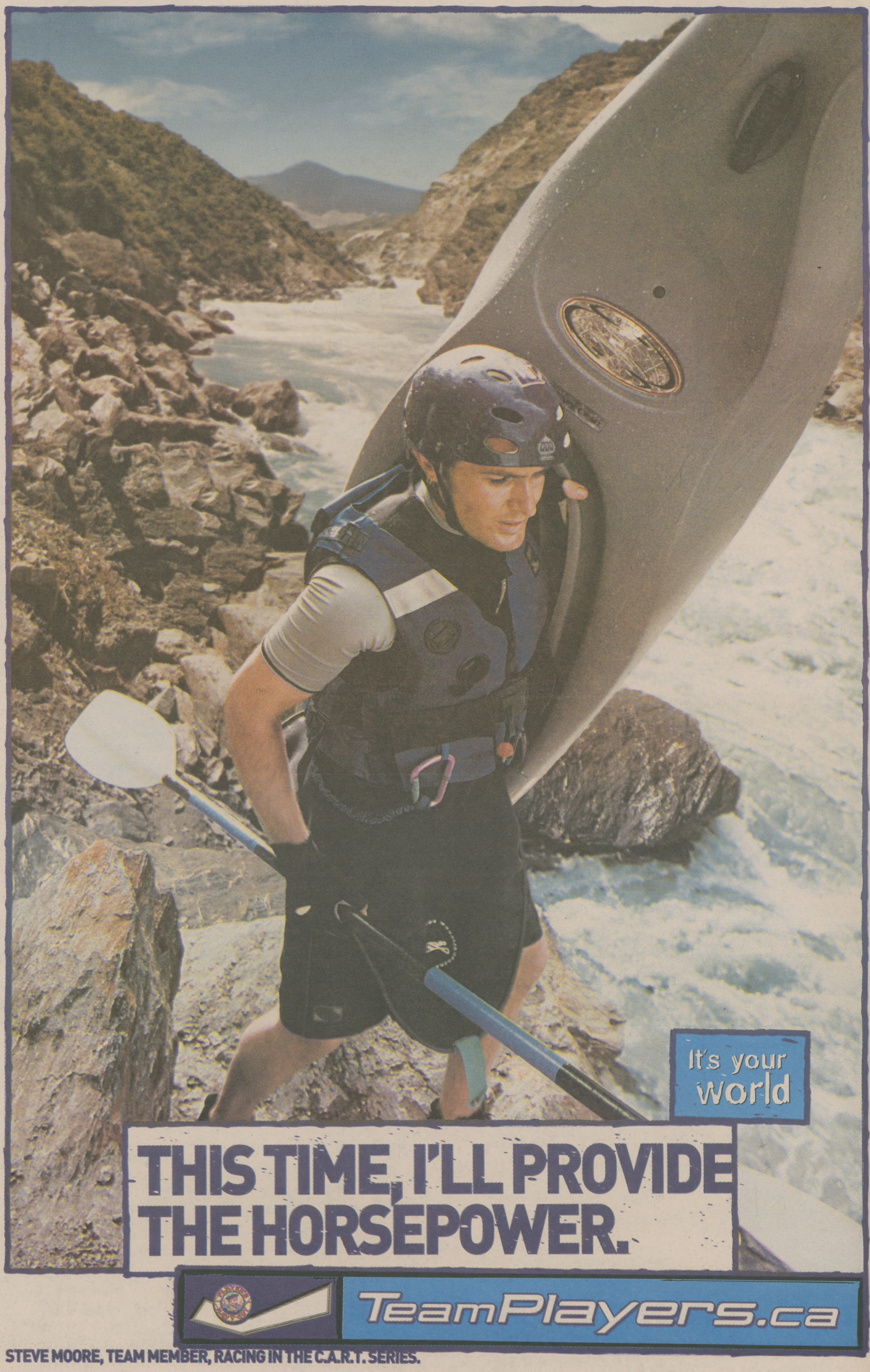


STEVE MOORE, TEAM MEMBER, RACING IN THE C.A.R.T. SERIES.

Pride rep resigns over constitution conflict

by John Thompson

UVic Pride Representative Ryan Barry is leaving the UVSS board due to what he says is unconstitutional management of funds in the Pride constituency group.

"It's no longer an organization ran by UVic students, representing UVic students. It's a community organization where anyone can walk in and say how the money is spent," he said, referring to recent changes to the group's constitution, which allow community members who are not students to speak and vote at meetings.

Barry charges this violates the UVic Student's Society's constitution as a student-driven organization.

The changes were made during UVic Pride's annual general meeting in late October, but Barry says their motivations date back to a controversy that took place during the Victoria Pride March in the summer, involving the Queer Women of Colour (QWOC).

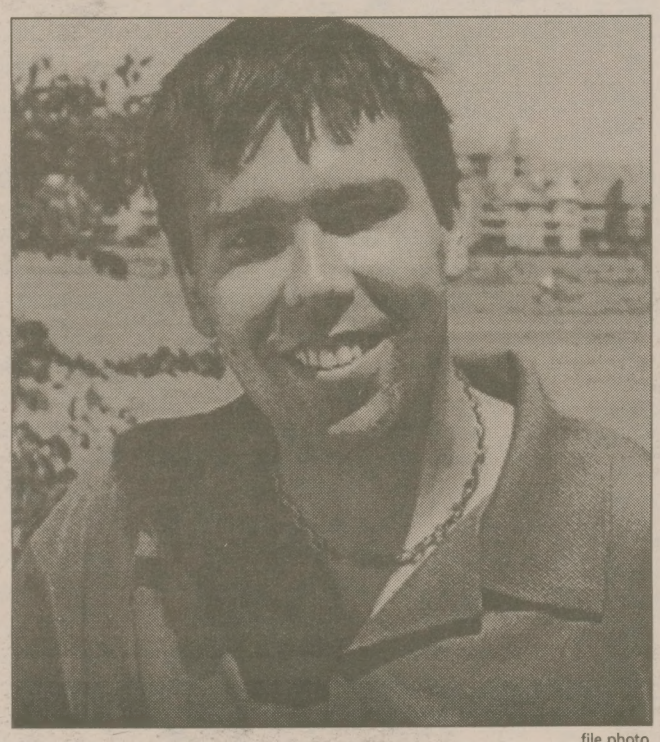
Unable to find space for themselves during the march, QWOC hoped to speak to the crowd over the microphone at the event's end. But, as it began to rain later that afternoon, the sound equipment began to short out, and was turned off just as the group was beginning to speak. The crowd soon dwindled to a small number of QWOC's supporters.

This spurred accusations of discrimination within the queer community and the Victoria Pride organization. QWOC asked UVic Pride to write them an open letter of support.

Pride formed a committee against discrimination, which later suggested the changes to membership eligibility.

As Barry tells it, the controversy carved a schism through UVic Pride's executive.

He added that little work has been accomplished in the past six weeks, since dealing with the controversy has been the focus of everyone's attention.



file photo

Ryan Barry has resigned from his post as UVic Pride's representative on the UVSS board to protest changes made inside the queer-advocacy organization.

Barry, a computer science and math student, and self-described "shit-disturber," made it clear several weeks ago he would resign from his post.

"I'm not going to participate in an organization that's so amateurish in how it's run," he said, adding that other volunteers have left the organization as well.

Dan Kerr, Pride's publicity coordinator, attributes most of the conflict over the past several months to miscommunication. Changes to membership eligibility were made in part because the organization has depended heavily on community members in the past, especially when executive members graduate but remain active within Pride, he said.

"This is my personal opinion, that the queer community works best when there's solidarity, when organizations work together," Kerr added.

UVSS Chair Troy Sebastian said he wouldn't comment on how Pride handles its affairs.

"The new executive should be given a chance to settle in," he said, adding that the main concern would be whether students continue to run the organization.

As for the group remaining active, Kerr said conflict hasn't prevented Pride from holding successful pumpkin-carving sessions, scavenger hunts and movie nights. UVic Pride also helped organize an all-candidates forum for the school board elections, which Kerr moderated.

The organization now also has a Pride rep who sits on the graduate students' board, since the Graduates' Students' Society (GSS) now contributes student fees to the group.

In the meantime, other executives from Pride will sit in Barry's place during board meetings until a new representative is chosen in the new year.

As for Barry, he will remain active in university politics as a student senator, as well as a full-time student. He expects his other obligations will keep him busy.

"I have six courses. I'm commuting from Mill Bay. The free time I'm getting will go towards getting four-to-six hours of sleep a night."

Chimps watch Oprah; supporters drive for bottles

by Robin Platts

The hoot-pants start at 3:45 p.m. A crowd of chimpanzees gathers around the television set, making sounds of anticipation.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo..."

The reason for the excitement is simple. The chimps know that it's almost time for Oprah. It's their favourite TV show and every weekday between 3:45 and 4 p.m., anticipatory hoot-pants echo through the Fauna Foundation.

Located near Montreal, the Fauna Foundation is Canada's only chimp sanctuary. It is also the only sanctuary in the world that caters to HIV-positive chimps.

UVic student Marni Lafleur is raising funds for Fauna, through a bottle drive project she calls "Operation Chimp Change."

"The bottom line is I really love chimpanzees," said Lafleur, a third-year biology student.

"I just took it upon myself that I wanted to help support them – because they're non-profit, so money is always an issue."

The ages of the Fauna chimps range from 15 to 43, and they all come from diverse backgrounds.

"All of these chimps came from a notoriously bad biomedical lab in New York State," said Lafleur. "Before that, I know three of them were in the circus. Some of them were ex-pets that were sold to labs. Some of them were in entertainment and some of them were just born in the lab."

Why a bottle drive?

"As much as I would love to just give money out of my own pocket, I don't have any money," Lafleur said. "And everybody's always got bottles lying around – you see them all over the university – so I figured, hey, maybe there's a market in this."

Lafleur's goal is to get 10,000 bottles, which should yield about a thousand dollars. The money will go towards giving these mistreated chimps a pleasant environment in which to live out the rest of their lives.

When they're not watching Oprah, the chimps tune in to the Playboy channel.

"That's a favorite," said Lafleur. "They like Playboy magazine, and Victoria's Secret magazine is also a favourite."

Given their choice of magazines – and the fact that they are chimps – it's not surprising that the chimps are in it for the photos, not the articles.

"I don't think they read the articles," said Lafleur. "They pretty much just look at the pictures."

When they're not inspecting the human form, the chimps like to chow down. Spaghetti is their favourite entrée, with chocolate pudding for dessert.

"And two o'clock is tea time," said Lafleur, "so there's tea and cookies as well."

Lafleur's bottle drive started mid-November and runs until Jan. 5.

Students can support the drive by bringing bottles to the Cunningham BUGS Lounge (across from Cunn 116) on Wed., Dec. 4.

Anyone who can't make it out Dec. 4 can contact Lafleur by phone (384-3230) or e-mail (lafleur@uvic.ca) to make alternate arrangements.

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Space on Christmas flights is very limited this year..... Don't wait.
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Save your dough:

Have free fun on Buy Nothing Day

photo by Jocelyn Beyak

Victoria activists lure you with fun games and food to suspend your consumer ways for a day.

by Suzanne Beaubien

What's one holiday that you can celebrate without spending any money?

Well, it ain't Thanksgiving, and it sure as hell ain't Christmas, but on Friday, Nov. 29, celebrations for Buy Nothing Day in Victoria will include a scavenger hunt, street theatre and a potluck at the Eaton's Centre food court.

Organizer and UVic student David Ball said this year's event takes on a different theme than past years.

"There's a different focus this year," said Ball. "There has always been lots of different issues. This year we want a B.C. focus on poverty and labour and the impact of government cuts."

Ball even leaked that one of the scavenger hunt items will be to create chalk outlines of bodies outside the Ministry of Human Resources.

Locally organized by the Victoria group Citizens Opposing Shopping Theology (COST), the Vancouver Island Public Research Group (VIPIRG) and the BCGEU, the annual event was first envisioned by Vancouver-based *Adbusters* magazine 11 years ago. Ball said the day continues to be important.

"We're totally being manipulated by consumer culture and the cost of that is communities," he said. Ball said the potluck at Eaton's Centre is just one way to reclaim a sense of community in the midst of consumer culture.

"The potluck is about building community and reclaiming corporate space," he said.

Last year, protestors arranged the tables in the food court into one long banquet table and filled it with free food brought from people's homes. Ball said management at Eaton's Centre was good-natured about the free feast, and he doesn't anticipate any problems with this year's potluck.

Last year's event attracted around 90 people, and Ball said regardless of how many show this year, a good time will be had by all.

"It's whatever people bring to it. You could have 10 and it would still be a great event."

"The wonderful thing about this is it's raising awareness, but it's accessible to families and other people who may not want to get involved in other types of action," said Ball. "It's also getting people out of their box, getting environmentalists to look at poverty and vice versa."

VIPIRG will be displaying a board in the SUB featuring "crappy ads," starting on Buy Nothing Day.

Stacey Chappel from VIPIRG said the board is a project that grows throughout the course of the week as people add to the display.

"It's amazing the response we get," she said. "People tack stuff on, sometimes even full essays."

Buy Nothing Day events start at 3 p.m. in Bastion Square. The potluck begins at 5:30 p.m. in the Eaton's Centre food court.

Grad class envisions house pole for the SUB

by Patrick White

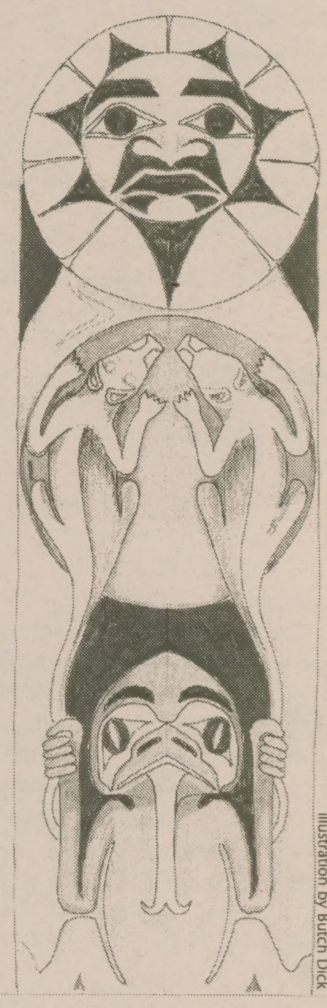

illustration by Butch Dick

This year's grad class committee has decided to embark upon a visible legacy project that will recognize the native history of UVic's campus. The committee of volunteers who represent the 2003 grad class are planning to erect a Songhees, or Lekwungen, house post on campus in June 2003 to coincide with convocation ceremonies. UVic lies on Lekwungen ancestral territory, and a house post, which is similar to a totem pole, is unique to the Coast Salish people.

Kris O' Cheek, this year's grad class committee president, brought up the idea of erecting a house post on campus.

"When the committee was in the initial planning stages we wondered what our legacy should be," said O'Cheek. "I brought up the idea and everyone was excited."

O'Cheek and outgoing UVSS Chair Troy Sebastian discussed the idea as a response to the lack of native recognition on campus. "It's something that is coming up among the native community. Troy and I had a discussion about it, but it really came from a lot of different people," said O'Cheek.

Every year, UVic's grad class contributes toward a legacy fund that leaves something behind for future students. Last year, the grad class funded the addition of new tables to the hallway across from the UVSS Resource Centre.

Though the post is still in the planning stages, it will be carved by Butch Dick, a local artist, along with a few apprentices, and will incorporate both traditional native and contemporary styles.

O'Cheek said the committee is still looking for a log, which will most likely come from around Port Alberni. The log has to be about three feet wide and 20 feet tall, he said.

The exact site of the post has yet to be decided, said O'Cheek, though the committee has a few sites in mind.

"We have a few sites we're interested in, but we still have to talk to building services. It will be around the SUB because it's the students' house."

Jessica Fraser, co-vice president of the grad class committee, said the post will add artistic, historical and functional aspects to the campus grounds.

"What's great about the project is not only does it recognize the native aspect of the campus, but it's also a piece of art that will have benches around it. It will be functional," said Fraser.

Base funding for the project is provided by the grad class fund, but the committee is still looking for donations toward the feast and ceremonies in honour of the post to be held close to grad ceremonies in June.

UVic Parking Services
Winter 2002
Food Bank Drive
Funded by Parking Tickets

In the spirit of the season, Campus Security Services is embarking on a pilot project of helping both the local Food Bank and those with outstanding Traffic Violation Tickets

During office hours from Dec 2—Dec 13th for each item of non-perishable food donated, the donor will have $5.00 deducted from an outstanding parking ticket.

Conditions:

1. $5.00 reduction will only be applied to outstanding fines. No credits for future fines.

2. Donations must be made in person at Campus Security Services.

3. One reduction per ticket.

4. Donations and reductions will only be made from 8:00 AM Dec 2—4:30 PM Dec 13th. No exceptions

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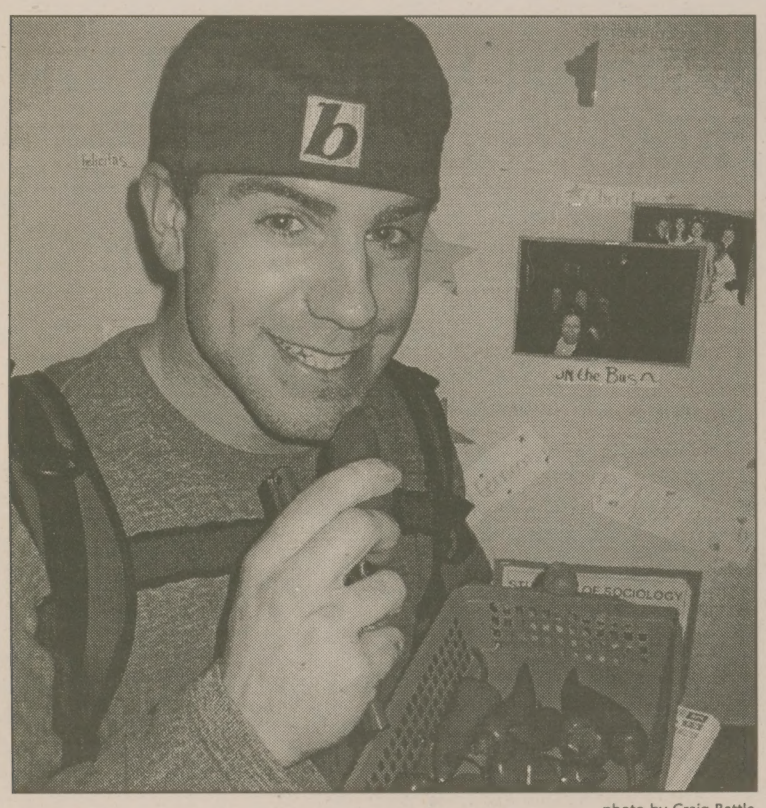

photo by Craig Battle

Martlet reporter Rich Cole readies himself to find out what UVic profs think of the nationwide website that rates them in terms of teaching skills, *Simpsons* references and sexiness.

UVic students rate their profs online

by Rich Cole

Is your professor the Freddy Krueger of the intellectual world? Were you so terrified from the first class that you spent the remainder of the semester in your room, defending yourself with a textbook, a sharp pencil and an unplugged phone in preparation for Professor Krueger's final judgement? Well, here's the solution you've been looking for. To ward off evil Profs, try going to www.ratemyprofessors.com and finding out the 411 before the first class.

"I think the website is the shit," commented Nick Torin, a third year fine arts student at UVic. "It's about time students got to see opinions of profs from actual students."

Traditionally, students could formally voice their views by filling out instructor evaluations at the end of semester. However, these reviews are not available to future students.

"No one really knows what happens to those course reviews," said one graduate student, who withheld his name in the ironic hope of teaching someday. "Personally, I think that all the profs get together and have a cult-like ceremony, where they burn the questionnaires once we've all left for vacation," he continued.

Regardless of the fate of the UVic instructor evaluations, the Internet provides a forum for students to post and check reviews on UVic professors. Ratemyprofessors.com, now online for three years, is the largest of these sites.

"We get over 100,000 visitors a month," said founder John Swapceinski.

The site, with schools all across North America, currently lists 493 UVic professors. Submissions are added daily by students who rate their profs with attributes such as easiness, clarity and even sexiness. The website was created to be a free exchange of intelligent criticism on profs, said Swapceinski, but occasionally the webmaster receives comments too raunchy for posting.

"Every so often we get one like 'What a great rack!' Or other libelous ones like 'He's an alcoholic,' 'He smokes pot all the time' or, 'He hits on all the female students,' but these are deleted," says Swapceinski.

UVic English professor Matthew Manera sees the website as a good idea, but wonders which students are responding.

"My profile [on the site] is actually fairly accurate to my class evaluations, but I can't help but feel that this should not be the only place a student should look," said Manera. "The accuracy of the sampling is questionable."

While there is no guarantee how responsible students will be when posting a review, many feel any forum for students' opinions will be an asset when enrolling in classes. As third year Lacey Adams summed it up, "We pay the prof's wages, so it can't be a bad thing to at least look and see what others say before we take the leap to financially support that instructor."

At the very least, students can check out the website and get a good laugh during their hellish agonies of course selection.

Swapceinsk's favourite remarks include "He will destroy you like an academic ninja" and "Bring a pillow for your pillow."

Nardwuar meets Barbara Walters:

Cole takes on UVic's wildest professors

Reporter Rich Cole decides to celebrate a few of UVic professors' finest classroom achievements. Here are some highlights:

Dr. Judy Caldwell (psychology), rated "UVic's sexiest prof"

Rich: "Congratulations on being voted UVic's sexiest prof." [Hands her a printout of the steamy ratings which include students' comments such as "Lean hot bod, but mean tough marker," or "I went, I drooled and I wasn't even enrolled."]

Caldwell: [Embarrassed look] Um, thanks. I'm not sure if I should be talking to you.

R: A few other profs already have talked to us. What do you think of a website like this?

C: I think the results could be very biased. I would have to question which students are submitting to this. The sampling is up to interpretation.

R: If you were a student again, would you check it out?

C: As a student I might.

R: Anyone you would like to thank for helping you achieve this goal?

C: No. I don't know how this even happened.

R: We have something for you. [Shows her a basket of 12 chili peppers, one for each of her 12 sexy ratings on the website.]

C: Ha, that's funny. Can I take a few? I might make some nachos or something.

R: You bet. Hey, thanks for not throwing us out.

C: Ha, you're welcome.

Dr. Thomas Heyd (philosophy), "UVic's wackiest prof"

Rich: What do you think of a website that rates profs? [Hands him the printed sheet from website, with comments such as, "He's a wacky guy."]

Heyd: Sure, why not. Students have to figure out who is good, I guess. [He reads the comments.] Ha, this is funny. I'm not too sure what they mean by wacky though.

R: Yeah, good point. [Rich points to the comment that says, "He's a cutie and his classes are interesting."] So, you're a cutie, hey? What do you think of that?

H: Well, um. That's quite the compliment. I'm pleased.

R: Can you do something cute?

H: Hmm. I suppose I could keep shaving. [Laughs]

R: One comment says that you are very easy to follow.

H: Yes, I see that.

R: Just how easy are you to follow? [Long pause as Rich gathers courage.] If we went for a walk, would you hold my hand and lead me?

H: Ha! Um, I guess that personally I would prefer if you were of the other gender. Although, I did hold hands with some other students the other day.

R: Really? Tell me more.

H: We were protesting at Cunningham Woods. A very important cause.

R: Cool. Ha, I thought you were going to go somewhere else with that.

Dr. Rebecca Johnson (law), "UVic prof with the most *Simpsons* references"

Rich: What do you think of the "ratemyprofessors" website?

Johnson: What's to say? Anything to facilitate the venting of students is probably a good thing.

R: How about the comment on the site that says you are "sharp as nails"? How do you stay sharp?

J: I treat the class as a sharpening stone. Some times I even grind them down, but it is for a good cause.

[Evil Mr. Burns laughs had by all]

R: This is good stuff.

J: Actually, the truth of the matter is that I stay sharp from too much coffee and a lack of sleep.

R What do you think of the comment that says you are, "Entertaining, [with] great *Simpsons* quotes?"

J: Is there any better source for legal philosophy than *The Simpsons*?

R: I agree. That's why we made you this certificate. [Cole presents her with an award from *the Martlet* for the "UVic Prof. with the most *Simpsons* references".]

J: That's great. I'm going to frame it and hang it up beside the picture of the Supreme Court and my science of law degree.

R: Think that we could get a photo of that?

J: Sure.

R: Can you think of a good *Simpsons* quote to go with this moment?

J: (in a Homer Simpson voice) Mmmm, certificate.

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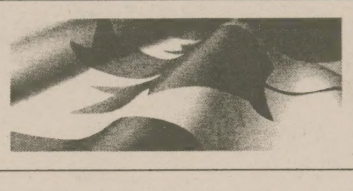

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NDP candidate calls for shift in foreign policy on war

by Leigh Phillips

Joe Comartin, the NDP MP for Windsor-St. Clair, has made the principal political issue of the day—the War—the principal issue of his campaign to lead Canada's social democrats.

Recently returned from a trip to Iraq to highlight the destruction wrought by UN sanctions and to oppose the push for war, Comartin was in Victoria this weekend for the local NDP leadership debate and to build support for his bid to lead the party. Comartin has also been actively campaigning against the harassment of Canadians and racial profiling at the U.S. border.

While all six leadership candidates have come out against any unilateral U.S. attack on Iraq, Comartin wants to see a radical shift in western foreign policy across the board. The candidate wants Canada to move out of the orbit of the U.S.

"We need a complete review of what we want our military to do," said Comartin. "We need to build on our profile as peacekeepers, and become peacemakers through some new international agency – the international criminal court or some other investigative body – where we would be able to go into a country if crimes against humanity are occurring, and our forces could take a lead."

Comartin recognizes that such a perspective would require a serious reassessment of the relationship Canada has with the United States – particularly if Canada were to go into the Occupied Territories to protect Palestinians.

"The U.S. has a self-interested approach," he said. "What I'm proposing is a disinterested approach. We need to evolve peacekeeping so that we're separating off the aggressor from the people who are being victimised."

Unlike Toronto City Councillor Jack Layton, the frontrunner of the leadership race, Comartin wants a significant boost to Canada's military budget: "We have to immediately look at wage increases for soldiers," he said. "We still have soldiers attempting to support families on less than $30,000 a year. We need to do this rapidly."

In a race that is not distinguished by ideological differences between the candidates, Comartin emphasizes how he would change the internal regime of the NDP.

"Layton wants to use the media to increase [the NDP's] profile, [Bill] Blaikie wants to use question period and [Lorne] Nystrom wants to emphasize prudent fiscal policies. I want us to open up to local coalition-building. I want to reach out beyond traditional areas of support – to social justice groups, to activist sectors of labour, and to ethno-cultural groups who traditionally have supported the Liberals," he said.

And despite the virtual coronation candidate Layton has received from the Toronto media, Comartin is confident of his support amongst labour. "A number of labour leaders have endorsed candidates, but that doesn't mean much anymore with the members," said Comartin. He reckons he has the support of many union locals and as much as 75 per cent of the Canadian Autoworkers' membership.

Women with heavy periods lose earnings each year, says study

by Kerry Precht

EDMONTON (CUP) -- Women who experience heavy menstrual bleeding are also losing money, says a recent University of Alberta study.

Using data from a U.S. survey, Dr. David Cumming and his colleagues, Isabelle Coté of the University of Alberta Institute of Health Economics and Philip Jacobs from the Department of Health Sciences, found that women with heavy menstrual periods miss an estimated 3.6 weeks of work and lose an average of $1,692 U.S. per year.

Cumming, the study's principal investigator and a professor of obstetrics and gynecology, said heavy menstrual bleeding is one of the most common problems encountered by gynecologists: heavy bleeding is the cause of 40 per cent of gynecological consultations and one of the top four reasons for consulting a family physician.

"What we wanted to do was find out what that cost the patient in certain terms, and one of those terms was economic terms," said Cumming.

He likened heavy menstrual bleeding, or heavy periods to the point of incapacitation, to chronic illnesses such as arthritis. While it can be dealt with more effectively than most, he stressed that heavy bleeding is, nonetheless, a chronic illness, something that has gone largely unrecognized.

"I think heavy periods are an underrated problem," he said.

The team compiled data from the 1999 National Health Interview Survey (NHIS), an extensive survey of the United States that includes both health and economic information.

The NHIS was the most viable choice, as statistics linking heavy menstrual bleeding and economics are not easily found.

Cumming pointed out $1,692 in economic loss per year is not a measured figure, but a "reasonably accurate" estimate, and said that, while they were not able to estimate the impact on the patient at home, "clearly if you're unable to work at your job, the likelihood is you're unable to work at home as well."

While the figure was obtained using American data, he suspects that Canadian data would have produced similar results.

"The social systems [of Canada and the U.S.] are clearly not identical, but I think the same sort of principles apply—that there would be loss of income," said Cumming.

The study also found that women who reported heavy menstrual bleeding to the NHIS were generally younger, less likely to be Caucasian, and less educated.

More educated women may be able to understand the problem and deal with it much better, explained Cumming, and Caucasian women may report less incidences of heavy bleeding due to hormonal differences.

Kaysi Kushner, assistant director for the Institute of Gender and Health, a gender research funding organization, said economic studies like Cumming's are necessary to examine how women's health fits into the larger picture of the workforce and the health care system.

"It's a recognition that the health of employees, men or women, bears not only on the quality of their own lives; it is relevant to our health care system in terms of cost and also, importantly, the cost of doing business," said Kushner. "It gives a heads up to employers to take a look at really putting in some good policies and practices."

But Kushner also warned that studies like these can be manipulated for other aims.

"The risks that are involved in any kind of research that looks at gender or cultural differences is that those kind of findings can be used against the very groups for who they are intended to help," she said. "That kind of information can be flipped back to blame the problems on the group."

"The counter-argument is ... all people aren't the same people," said Kushner.

"Questions need to be asked and examined where relevant, and to not do that overlooks important differences. The default in science research has been that the male body was considered the norm and the female abnormal. If we don't ask gender specific questions, we risk being put back into that space."

Cumming's study appeared in the October issue of *Obstetrics and Gynecology*.

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Canadian E-waste sent overseas

Report claims Canada ships hazardous electronic waste to China

by Anna King

VANCOUVER (CUP) -- An American environmental group recently released a report claiming Canada is exporting tens of thousands of tonnes of toxic electronic waste to Asia, in violation of an international treaty.

Released Oct. 22, the Basel Action Network's (BAN) report said the Canadian government is ignoring the Basel Convention, which prohibits the movement of hazardous waste from rich to poor nations, and which was signed by Canada in 1989.

Electronic waste, known as E-waste, includes computer hard drives and monitors, TVs, phones, circuit boards and fax machines. E-waste is frequently shipped abroad by local exporters and the components are taken apart to be recycled. They are also, BAN alleges, burned or dumped in landfills or rivers.

Toxins, including lead, mercury, polyvinyl chloride and others that can escape from E-waste have been shown to be damaging to human health and the environment.

The BAN report estimates 20,000 tonnes of E-waste will be exported from Canada to Asia in 2002.

Suzanne Leppinen, head of the export-import section of the Transboundary Movement Branch with Environment Canada, says the material BAN is referring to is not hazardous waste, according to Canadian standards.

"If it was shredded and could leach heavy metals, it would be considered hazardous waste ... if it's a whole intact computer it's not considered hazardous waste," Leppinen said.

The BAN report, however, says that according to the Basel Convention, materials that contain and have the potential to leach heavy metals—even before being exported—should be considered hazardous waste. "[Otherwise], well-packaged pure PCBs, asbestos or pure dioxin would fail to qualify as hazardous waste," the report states.

The report also points to specific sections of the Convention that state glass waste from cathode-ray tubes (a component of computer monitors) is presumed to be hazardous waste.

BAN toxics policy analyst Richard Gutierrez further points out that, under the Basel Convention, countries are prevented from exporting material receiving countries classify as hazardous.

China, one of the major receivers of Canadian E-waste, made public statements in April 2000 banning the import of hazardous E-waste. Gutierrez says China has also notified the Basel Secretariat of the ban.

Environment Canada, on the other hand, denies knowledge of a ban. "We have not officially been notified of a ban by China," said Leppinen. "We have followed up with the competent authority in China to get that information but we haven't been officially notified of a specific ban."

The Chinese consulate could not be reached by press time to comment on the existence of a ban.

Meanwhile, a Vancouver electronics recycling company that has exported E-waste to China for years says the facts BAN is using are out-of-date.

Jim Donaldson, director of marketing at Electronics-Recycling.com said for the past five years China has been addressing the environmental and health problems associated with E-waste by upgrading its recycling facilities.

Donaldson said potentially by the new year, China will have recycling facilities with some of the highest standards in the world. "All the concerns will be met. [China] has rectified their standards [to be] higher than the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's and Canada's standards," he said.

Gutierrez is skeptical. "It's easy to upgrade standards, but it's another thing to upgrade all the facilities and working conditions, and to enforce these standards."

photo by Jeff Andrew

The sun drops behind the MacLaurin building and trees lining the quadrangle on late Tuesday afternoon.

Campus memorial examines violence against women

by Suzanne Beaubien

On the last day of classes, Dec. 4, a service on campus will remember the women killed 13 years ago at L'Ecole Polytechnique in Montreal. While Dec. 6 is the official National Day of Remembrance and Action on Violence Against Women, UVic has moved up plans for the day to allow students to attend a ceremony that will feature both student and faculty speakers.

Eliza Walter, the UVSS Women's Centre coordinator said the event continues to be important year after year because violence against women has not stopped. She cited a recent tragedy in Arizona in which a male nursing student killed three female profs because he was failing, before killing himself. Walter said the circumstances are eerily similar, making the case that violence continues.

"Obviously this is not something of the past," said Walter. "When you look at violence in terms of isolated incidents, it's minus the big picture."

Walter said families of the victims of the massacre no longer want the women's names used in association with the day. "They want to move away from focusing on the tragedy and realize that it's a systemic problem. Women are being murdered all over Canada, in every province, all the time."

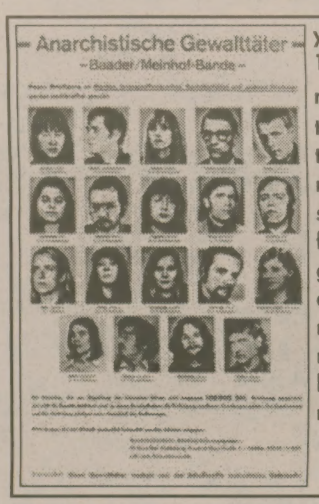
Dr. Norma Mickelson, the university's chancellor, will lead the ceremony that will include speeches from engineering students, faculty and staff members as well as musical performances.

Once again, UVic's Sexual Assault Centre (OURSAC) will present their *Clothesline Project*, featuring T-shirts painted with messages about sexualized violence.

Walter said there was some criticism of the event last year because it talked about the violence associated with September 11.

"We need to talk about gendered violence specifically," she said.

The service begins at 11:45 a.m. outside the MacLaurin Building. There will be a coffeehouse after the memorial at the OURSAC office in the SUB.



you were a synth-pop superstar, west berlin, 1983, fighting the american hegemon through music and fashion. it was plastic and train stations. beautiful. your girlfriend, a japanese architecture critic, ran a safe-house for the baader-meinhof gang. you holidayed in lisbon with the sons and daughters of publishing magnates and french civil servants of considerable stature. gin. gauloises. decadent, yes, boring never. it all fell apart when your bass player was arrested in milan, accused of connections to the brigate rosse. the carabinieri beat him senseless. the band was never the same so you ran off to victoria to write for the martlet. a calmer life.

write for the Martlet

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FAMOUS PLAYERS

Editorial

Bust a movement

Our society is addicted to consumption, and *the Martlet* is no exception. We consume everything from team pitchers to Iron Maiden.

We can't get enough.

So how do we get around this Buy Nothing Day obstacle, anyhow?

Well, on last year's Buy Nothing Day the *Martlet* staff traded Boston Pizza free advertising space in exchange for dinner. That's right, we used the barter system.

No money changed hands.

Well, OK. We paid for the team pitchers.

Adbusters, which started the now-global movement, pushes Buy Nothing Day with the slogan "Participate By Not Participating." The idea is to draw attention to the problems stemming from over-consumption by opting out of the system for a day.

And as movements go, this one has definitely made an impact: BND is observed by activist groups and ordinary citizens around the world, and the phrase has become almost as well known as "Just Do It."

Of course, that's also the source of most criticism. Buy Nothing Day, like *Adbusters* itself, is becoming a brand name of its own. Along with the rhetoric, the magazine sells a whole rack of "subversive" posters, stickers and calendars. As for the day itself, how effective is a corporate resistance that puts power exclusively in the hands of first-world consumers, and not the downtrodden masses who bear the weight of our materialistic culture?

According to a group of self-described "anarcho-situationists" in Montreal, Buy Nothing Day is "A day when the more money you make, the more influence you have. A day which, by definition, is insulting to the millions of people worldwide who are too poor or marginalised to be considered consumers."

They may be right.

Because, let's face it, *Adbusters* has become the bloated rock star of the anti-corporate movement. (*The Martlet* has known this since that fateful day last summer when we found the magazine passed out in the back of a tour bus in Chemainus. The floor was littered with McDonald's wrappers and beer-stained copies of *Vogue*. Frankie Goes To Hollywood was stuck on repeat...We were horrified.)

So how do you resist the resistance?

Well, these cats in Montreal have an alternative to Buy Nothing Day:

Steal Something Day.

Instead of merely refusing to participate, anti-corporate crusaders will be able to actively attack the system, Robin Hood-style.

Take from the rich, give to the poor. Redistribute the wealth, man!

And pass the weed...

Unfortunately, their plan has some flaws. Suggestions like "pilfer purses and wallets from easily identified yuppies and business persons" (a new twist on racial profiling?) and "skip out on your rent" (always a practical solution) aren't going to accomplish anything other than getting you arrested. That won't help. Sure, Henry David Thoreau may have said "in an unjust society, the only place for a free man is in prison," but even he only spent one day in jail before Emerson bailed him out.

Buy Nothing Day, on its own, won't change anything.

It isn't supposed to.

Like the advertising *Adbusters* subverts, it's symbolic, meant to plant an idea in your head and get you thinking of what might be. If it puts power in the hands of the consumers, then so be it. If we're the ones perpetuating consumer culture, it makes sense that we should be the ones to change it.

And as a long-term tactic for social change, the passive resistance Buy Nothing Day advocates is far more effective and inclusive than aggressive harrassment.

What to do?

Luckily, *the Martlet* is still free.

Well, $3.75 for the semester...

And we also take ads from tobacco companies...

So, uh, Boycott *the Martlet*!

No, wait... We'll be going now. We've got to play a gig in Chemainus tonight.

Editorial topics are decided on by staff at editorial meetings. Editorials are written by one or more staff members, and are not necessarily the opinion of all staff members.

Don't like what you read?
Write us, or write *for* us: martlet@uvic.ca

by jeffrey weston

"AHHHH! Weapons of mass destruction! Bomb them! Bomb them!"

Soapbox

The Magic Wand of Safety

by Keltie Craig

There's something about airport security that has always made me feel slightly nervous – not of something happening to me, *per se* – but more that perhaps, this time, that tiny section of my brain that says things like "jump," when I'm on the outer deck of a ferry, will take control and cause me to say or do something foolish. So when I recently took a flight from Victoria to Calgary and encountered a new addition to the general security procedure upon reaching the X-ray machines, my hands turned a bit sweaty.

The security guard looked like he was approaching me to say something, and in his hand he held a Magic Wand of Safety.

"This is just a random spot check, designed to ensure safety on our flights. I'm testing for prohibited substances," the man recited, directing his attention to the male passenger behind me. With the pressure off myself, I was intrigued. The Wand, looking suspiciously like a dish-scrubbing brush, was swept over the exterior of the guy's backpack, and then the guarder-of-security proceeded to remove a little piece of white fabric from the end of the apparatus and insert it into The Machine.

What was he looking for? More importantly, how did this wondrous technology work? Could the piece of white cotton sense the presence of "prohibited substances" and turn a bright red DANGER colour?

My interest piqued, I attempted to politely question the security guard (after all, I didn't want him to turn on me). "Excuse me, sir. Can I ask what that is?" I said, trying to look as unthreateningly curious as possible as I pointed at the Wand.

The man's face went stone cold. "We're just checking for prohibited substances, ma'am."

I can't be brushed off that easily.

"What sort of prohibited substances? Do you mean..." And here I ran into a wall. I was about to say a knife, or cocaine, or anthrax, or flesh-eating disease. But I hadn't remembered until it was almost too late – airport taboo words. You can't say "knife" in an airport.

You probably can't even say "nail scissors" now, and God forbid you ask for any conditioning "balm" for your dry hands. I lamely finished my sentence with, "...metal or chemicals?"

"Any prohibited substances, ma'am."

Ouch. That "ma'am" really gets me. The security guard turned his back on me, leaving me with my mouth open, ready to shoot – I mean fire... (oh shit, I'm bad at taboo words) *ask* another question.

I was brushed off.

My brief dream of becoming an investigative reporter was shattered as I meekly followed my fellow passengers in submitting to the ol' metal detector gate.

Security Man may have won the battle, but not the war (Crap—there I go again!) I will study *Roget's Thesaurus* until I can come up with synonyms for all of the "danger" words, and next time the Magic Wand comes out, I'll be armed and ready.

Student Voice

"Isitt Vanity Project" hurt VCE

by Michael Gardiner

As someone once said: "Wow, look at the ego on that boy!" Was she referring to Ben Isitt? No, but last week's conclusion to the Isitt Vanity Project, printed here in the *Martlet*, might make you wonder.

I should start by admitting that I am one of the local NDP apparatchiki Isitt refers to in his ode to himself, and by clarifying two things.

Firstly, I did not work to sabotage Isitt's campaign as he suggests. It was hardly necessary. Now, were Isitt anywhere near likely to have won as mayor, then I would definitely have worked to sabotage his campaign. Secondly, I was not conducting a whisper campaign encouraging people to vote for someone other than Ben – at least, I didn't think I was whispering, but more on that later.

What Isitt forgets is that the VCE/NDP voted to reject him as its mayoralty candidate. In fact, presented with Isitt as an option, the VCE/NDP chose democratically not to run anyone for mayor.

And let's be clear: I didn't oppose Isitt as our mayoralty candidate because I thought Lowe was unbeatable; I opposed him because I see him to be confrontational, immature, self-centred, devoid of achievable ideas, and disrespectful of democracy. But I wasn't worried that you might eat my children.

According to Isitt, some of my VCE colleagues and I are Blairite centrists and he is the progressive. Hmmm, let's compare. The VCE promised to legalize secondary suites and implement an affordable housing fund; Isitt promised to kick multinationals out of Victoria. The VCE promised to increase bus service; Isitt promised wireless Internet for everyone in Victoria. The VCE promised to implement harm reduction strategies; Isitt promised to increase the minimum wage in Victoria. Wait a minute – that's a good promise – except municipal politicians have no jurisdiction whatsoever over minimum wage. Boy, Ben, are you more progressive than me. What was I thinking?

Now, what about the issues raised in the campaign? What did the "centrist" VCE talk about through news releases, activities, and campaign literature? The impact of bus service cuts on students; the need for city council to stand up to Gordon Campbell; the problems with Lowe's promise to put video cameras on every corner; and the connections between Alan Lowe's slate and the BC Liberals – to name just a few.

OK, Ben, I admit, I did encourage my friends who didn't want to vote for Alan Lowe to vote for Ted Smith. But I wasn't whispering. I was up-front about it. And do you know why I supported Ted as a protest vote? Because of all the fringe mayoral candidates, Ted was the most humble.

And regarding the 5,047 people you claim "joined the ranks of the fringe Left" – give your head a shake, and recognize that the vast majority of those were votes against Lowe, not votes for you.

Oh and Ben, F.Y.I., in Vancouver, COPE ran on the most centrist platform they've ever had, not the hard-left platform you imagine. And guess what – they control council for the first time ever, and will actually accomplish change.

Perhaps if your supporters had been as busy helping life-long social activist Jacquie Ackerly get the 300 additional votes she needed – instead of helping you with your vanity project – the VCE could say the same here.

Yes – there is a need for a united, progressive movement of workers, environmentalists, small business people, and social activists, coming together to demonstrate to British Columbians that the left deserves the opportunity to govern again, but until you get your ego in check, I'm not sure you should be part of it.

Michael Gardiner is still a UVic student and was the communications chair for the VCE.

[2002/2003]
martlet
UVic's Student Paper

Admin dishonest about campus plan, group says

While the UVic administration would like us all to believe that they intend to develop wisely and sustainably, anyone who has critically read the 2002 Draft Campus Plan knows this is not the case. Beyond a fancy presentation, and a bouquet of flowery and misleading guiding principles, the plan does nothing to ensure UVic's commitment to "environmental sensitivity."

When Jack Falk assures *Martlet* readers that the Island Medical Building will only occupy 10 per cent of Cunningham Woods ("VP sets the record straight," Nov. 21), he is demonstrating a profound lack of understanding of the environmental impact of construction and the actual ecological footprint that the building will have.

Moreover, what he neglects to mention is that this building (labeled Building 7 in the Draft Campus Plan) is only one of three buildings planned for the Woods. According to the Draft Campus Plan, the next building waiting in the wings for approval (Building 6) will take out the center of the woods. The third building (Building 5) will be placed partially on the woods and partially on the adjacent parking lot.

In fact, on page 20 of the Draft Campus Plan, one can observe a total of seven buildings planned inside Ring Road near the Henderson entrance. Now occupying this area are the Cunningham Woods, a walking and bike path, and the Native Plant Garden.

The university claims it wants to densify development, but it makes no commitments. Densification is purported by green planners to be an alternative to development sprawl, but when densification is spread throughout the campus and consumes the last forested area within Ring Road, this is sprawl.

By choosing Cunningham Woods as the site for the medical building, the Campus Development Committee has overlooked other viable options.

The university should be building on parking lots – not on native forested areas. The Campus Development Committee has, under pressure, flip-flopped and reinstated an earlier decision to put the Island Medical Building on top of Cunningham Woods.

This has come about despite strong public opposition to the site location.

Such decisions reflect a centrist and expansionist model of decision-making.

It is unjustifiable to further encroach on any natural areas. Until due public process has been incorporated into the plan we must only develop parking lots. The university needs to enact a traffic demand management strategy now to enable a shift away from the current car-centred campus. Councillors in both Saanich and Oak Bay support this approach – including reduced parking requirements.

As it is, the university is spending a lot of money on creating the illusion of inclusive public consultation for a draft campus plan that is all glossy paper and that makes no real planning commitments. The open houses and workshops have been facilitated by City Spaces Consulting, a group of professional spin doctors whose job, it seems, is to sell the plan to the public rather than to objectively collect public input.

Public consultation is a meaningful process, not a staged event. If the draft campus plan is approved, the university will not be prevented from developing the rest of the Campus the way they are going to develop Cunningham Woods. They can collect all the public input they want, but without an external body to oversee the input implementation process, there is no assurance that our public feedback will be incorporated into the plan.

Anyone who has attended the feedback sessions will have observed an outpouring of positive collective visioning for the future of UVic's campus. The administration just doesn't get it. Instead, UVic Operations and City Spaces Consulting see it as their responsibility to manage this dissent and get on with their plans for sprawled development and more parking lots.

The future of UVic is being extinguished by a handful of individuals who are out of touch with what is possible for this university. It is an unbelievable waste of potential, and a misuse of authority.

Lastly, contrary to the erroneous statement made by Jack Falk (*Martlet*, Nov. 21), UVic's neighbours were not consulted regarding the Island Medical Program Building. The "design charette" and "sustainability workshop" were closed to the public, and the location of the building was already set, and was therefore not an option to be discussed.

That decision was made without the guidance of an approved development plan, with no publicly announced consultation process. Exactly what is Facility Management's definition of public consultation?

The UVic CommUnity for a Sustainable Campus, Paul E. Price, Anders Erickson, Tuval Dinner, Meghan Hanrahan, Danielle Strom, Lucas Goris, Becky Hynes, Kathryn Sandberg, Alice Weber, David Miller, Nancy Klenavic, Michael P. Gannon, Maria Montgomery, Tim Holland, Anthony Burgoyne, Rae St. Arnault, Richard Leger, Erin Davis, Nabhraj R. Spogliarich - Camelot, The Energy Connection, Kevin Prokopenko - Sierra Club, Victoria Group, Tricia Markle - Executive Member UVic. SCB

Isitt clarifies, Payne says the kids are alright

VCE not all bad

I mentioned last week that certain elements within the Victoria Civic Electors seek to move the party toward the political centre, a move similar to that undertaken by the British Labour Party under Tony Blair. The introduction of tuition fees in Britain is one example of this ideological shift. I wish to emphasize, however, that this trend is not representative of the majority of VCE members. As New Democrats, these hard-working individuals remain committed to the principles and vision of democratic socialism.

Ben Isitt

Payne and suffering

I'd like a chance to retort to the thoroughly unfounded comments made by Bruce Kilpatrick and other UVic administrators ("UVic security precautions backfire," Nov. 21). As an active student on this campus and an elected student representative on the UVSS Board of Directors, I'm outraged at the fear-mongering that Bruce Kilpatrick and UVic Communications Department are currently engaged in.

The history of student activism on this campus has never encouraged violent means of resolving conflict. Just the opposite: The UVSS, GSS and allied partners have publicly taken strong stances promoting non-violent civil disobedience as a means of raising awareness of student issues. For example, we need only look at the public stance of the UVSS opposing pre-emptive war on Iraq.

As far as perpetuating violence, student activists have never been the parties to place hostile security guards to control protestors. Nor have we ever recruited the help of armed police officers in order to deter dissent. These acts go much further towards promoting violence in a given situation than a handful of passionate student advocates trying to make their voices heard on behalf of students.

As Mr. Kilpatrick and Jill Tate had expressed concern over their safety and the safety of other Board of Governors members, they secretly moved a meeting that directly involved students off campus and closed off the fourth floor of the David Strong Building without explanation.

What I have to wonder is when was the last time a student activist walked up to an employee on the fourth floor and caused them to fear for their safety? Are compassionate and concerned students seen as nothing more than common thugs? And if so, why?

Do we get loud sometimes? Yes. Do we get rowdy occasionally? Yes. The question UVic's administration ought to ask itself is – why? Is it perhaps that without getting a little loud and exercising our right to assemble our voices, concerns will never get heard?

The fact of the matter is that students are rarely listened to in matters that directly affect them and so if we get a little frustrated and raise our voices, you'll have to excuse us, but we happen to give a damn. Not just for ourselves, but also for those students who don't feel comfortable raising their voices.

Bruce Kilpatrick mentioned in the article that there are two sides to every story. I just wish he'd remember that little mantra before making comments like, "these people have a right to walk without being assaulted, or worry about being physically abused."

As a matter of fact, there are two sides to this story and the side that students would like to tell is that we ought to have the right to pursue an education without being financially attacked and emotionally abused by the administration, the Provincial and the Federal Governments.

Unfortunately, such idealism appears to be vastly misplaced within the current political and educational landscape and it seems that rather than trying to understand why students are upset and deal with those issues, the university administration has instead chosen to demonize students and, as a result, side-step entirely such responsibilities.

The resulting skepticism over the administration's honest concern for students is doubly unfortunate because in the end we're supposed to be striving towards the same goal: an accessible and quality education for all students.

Scott Payne
Director at Large, UVSS

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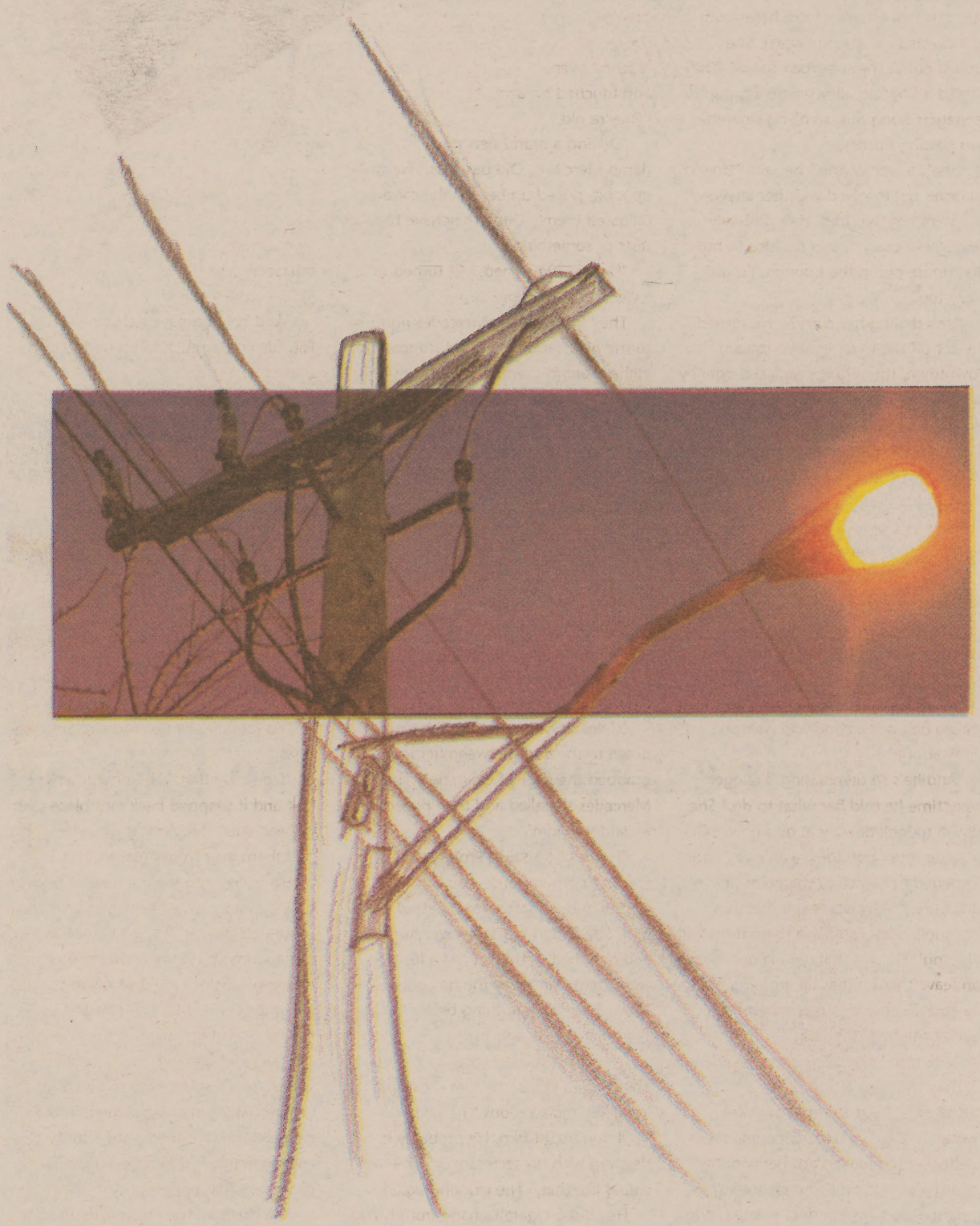

story by Dave Miller
graphics by Jeffrey Weston

He thought she'd had too much to drink to be driving, and told her as much when they got out to the car. "Pass over the keys," he said.

She shook her head. "You've had as much as me."

And she was right, but he felt he could hold his liquor better. And in the end the wine they'd had with dinner, and the one scotch after, was probably not enough to keep either from driving. But he wanted to drive, wanted that feeling of being in control. He was all worked up and tense, and wanted to have two yellow lines and a road to focus on. He walked quickly up to the driver's side and grabbed the handle. "Chuck me the keys," he said.

She did, with a huff, and he knew she felt the same way.

"I just want to get home and have a drink." She fell down into the car seat, ran her hands through her thick brown hair and threw one leg up onto the dash. Her tan skirt ran down the ankle and shin of her right leg, and then rode up on the left knee propped up. She was wearing fake-leather brown sandals. Her toes peaked out of the top, the nails painted a deep red colour that he'd picked out. He glanced over to catch sight of it, this simple sensual motion, then up to her left hand while it tussled her hair and rubbed her cheek. He'd painted her toes himself that afternoon.

"Christ," she sighed, and made that clucking sound with her tongue that she made when she was impatient, the side of it grazing over the roof of her mouth, along her teeth. He was awfully glad at that moment to be married to her and not Sandra Jackman, though there was no way he could, or would, have ever been married to her. It was just one of those thoughts.

He started their car, an aging lime-green Volkswagen Golf. He grinded the gear when he put it into first, then pulled out, looking in the rear-view mirror to see Bill Jackman standing on the front porch waving. Sandra was nowhere to be seen.

"Do you think they're always like that? Even when they don't have company?" She was staring out of the passenger side window. Staring at god knows what – probably nothing, he thought, it was so dark on the road – just staring to be doing something. It was a rural route and not a street light for miles. Even in daylight there was nothing out there to see, just trees and fields and lakes. The odd freshly cut sub-division peeked out from a thinned line of trees. Typical rural Nova Scotia landscape.

"I certainly don't think they put on a show just for us." He fumbled with his right hand along the dash, keeping his eyes on the unbroken double-line along the centre of the winding road. "Will you light a smoke for me?" He put his hand back onto the steering wheel.

"It's exhausting, you know?" She struck the lighter. A soft glow came over the inside of the car. Her profile became an orange, shadowed portrait of soft flickering lines. She inhaled deeply though she didn't often smoke. She threw the pack and the lighter onto the floor under her legs, the right one still resting on the dash, the hem of the skirt falling further up, over her knee, down her thigh. She took another drag on the cigarette.

"You can light one for yourself," he said.

She shook her head but kept smoking his cigarette, each drag lighting up her face. One thick, coiled strand of hair fell from behind her ear. It touched the tip of the cigarette and fizzled, leaving a putrid burnt-hair smell in the air. She didn't seem to notice. "Being a friend shouldn't be so god damn exhausting."

She was wearing a white button-up collared shirt, and he noticed how it was a little tight around her breasts. The space between the buttons there opened a bit and he could see the lace on the top of her bra and a little bit of skin. He wondered if Bill had caught a glimpse of this.

"Do you know what she said to me in the kitchen?" She finally passed him the cigarette, reaching over with her right hand and placing it between his lips. The smoke floated up and tickled his eye. "She told me she suspects he's having an affair." Her leg dropped from the dash.

"I doubt it," he said, trying to catch

A short story

one last glance at her leg. A car passed by, dimming its lights as it turned a corner. He did the same.

"What the hell was I supposed to say to that? Standing there pouring his drink."

Bill was only in his mid-thirties but was fat and balding; what little hair he had left on his head (a typical horseshoe hair-line, with a not-so-subtle comb-over) was grey and thin. "He wouldn't be so uptight if he got a good lay every once in awhile. My God!" she exclaimed, but he could see her smile just a bit out of the corner of his eye. "Anyway, that's not the point. Who invites people over to their house for dinner and then lays info like that on them?"

He took a final drag on the cigarette, tasting her lipstick on the filter, and then handed it back to her to butt out. "Sandra Jackman, apparently. You're probably the only friend she has."

She took a drag of the butt, and he could see her flinch. He'd smoked it right to the filter and it probably burned her lip. She rolled down the window and threw it out. It exploded into sparks on the street behind them. "She's always going out to lunch with that Phyllis woman at work."

Phyllis was an attractive heavy-set woman in her fifties with yellow over-dyed hair, who laughed like a crow and smoked like a fiend. She was always flirty with him whenever he went to pick her up from work. "Phyllis doesn't seem like a woman to talk about stuff like that with." He remembered she once playfully pinched his ass as he had a cigarette with her while they both waited outside. Though it was playful, he'd never said anything about it.

"Yeah," she said, "you're probably right."

He felt like he wanted another cigarette, the tension of the night coming back to rest on his shoulders. The city was coming upon them quickly, the winding pot-holed roads straightened out and became smoother. He was always amazed how it just appeared. First as strip malls filled with Chinese take out and video stores with gas stations next to them. Then the suburbs with apartment buildings jutting out obtrusively from rows of duplexes and bungalows. Halifax was growing quickly, though he couldn't guess why.

"So what did you say to her?" he asked.

"Nothing, really." She tapped her fingernail on her front teeth. It made the hair on the back of his neck stand up. "Well, I said 'How do you know?' and she told me 'It's a feeling,' she says, 'You'll see. Wait till you two tie the knot, you'll start to get these feelings.'" She pulled her hand away from her mouth and clucked her tongue again. She looked out at the suburban sprawl. They passed a bowling alley where a group of teenagers hung out, smoking cigarettes and passing bottles.

"She's a wonky one," he said. "How'd you ever get involved with her anyway?"

"She's not that bad. He's probably driving her crazy. It was his idea to buy that house out in the boonies. I'd go crazy too."

"He's driving her crazy? " He turned the car off the road, headed toward downtown, the suburbs replaced now by car lots and shopping centres. "She's so bloody anal. Did you see how she wiped down the table when we finished eating? I thought she was going to scrub right through the finish."

"He's so crude," she said. "He burped right at the dinner table."

"In some places that's a sign of satisfaction."

She smiled, "Maybe. I think he farted when we were in the sitting room. I heard it a few times."

"So, Bill's got some gas problems. Maybe he's got a condition we don't know about."

"And he's so demanding. I cringed every time he told her what to do." She turned to look directly at him now. "'Get us some more potatoes, won't ya'." She deepened her voice to the point of caricature, "'Why don't you mix us a drink now? You can leave them dishes till morning'. He said that, you know, 'You can leave them dishes till morning,' like she had no choice in the matter. Don't ever let me hear anything like that coming from you."

They rolled to a stop at an intersection. Next to them a white Mercedes idled. An elderly couple sat in it. The woman looked out her window toward a car lot, while he sat staring straight ahead with perfect posture, two hands resting at eight and a quarter to four on the wheel as though a pole was lodged up his backside to keep his spine straight. He was a small man and looked scrubbed pink; a pencil thin moustache hugged his upper lip.

"I'd probably be like that too if I was married to someone like Sandra. She's like a 60-year-old housewife. Flitting about like they lived in some sort of mansion."

"Why do you think she's like that? He wants her to be, that's why."

The Mercedes pulled out of the intersection, then cut into their lane right in front of them. He hit the breaks.

"Fucker," he breathed, raising his arm to hit the horn.

"Don't bother," she reached over and touched his arm. "They're old."

"Driving a brand new god damn Merc too. Old bastards." He sped up a bit, pulled up behind the car and tailgated them. "Don't they have to take tests or something?"

"Don't," she sighed, but turned to look out the window.

They followed the Mercedes right up to the next set of lights. He stopped only inches behind them. They were right downtown now. The Friday night bar crowd moved about the streets in packs. University students most of them, hollering and play fighting. Drunk and young, he thought, remembering that it was not so long ago that he was one of them, running these same streets, roaming from club to club, one eye cocked for a bedmate.

"Grab my smokes?" The light turned green and he hit the horn immediately. The Mercedes lurched forward as though the car itself responded.

"Calm down, my god." She reached down to the floor between her legs and grabbed the pack of cigarettes. The Mercedes signalled and then pulled into a condominium.

"Figures," he said. "Probably live in the fucking penthouse, too."

She lit his cigarette and passed it to him. She folded her arms over her chest and slouched. "I think it has a lot to do with them living way the hell outside of town. They have nothing better to do then get on one another's nerves."

"Sandra probably doesn't put out. Thinks she's punishing him for some imagined indiscretions," he said.

"I don't trust him. He probably is sleeping with his secretary or something stupid like that." The clucking again.

He let the cigarette hang from his lips as he geared down, navigating another turn. "Why do you think it's him? You're taking her side because she's a woman." He took the cigarette out of his mouth and flicked the ashes out his window. "Though I'd probably be sleeping around too, if I were Bill."

Her cluck turned to a "tsk." "That's a horrible thing to say." She turned back to him, sitting up a bit. "Why would you say something like that?"

"I'm just saying."

"She's not a bad woman. She's actually nice to have around at work. She talks a lot, the time goes faster."

"Yeah, and could you imagine living with that all the time? Without work to distract you?" He sped up and cut through an intersection as the yellow turned to red.

"And he's a great catch. Fat, balding, grouch in his mid-thirties."

"Whatever. I don't want to go out there again. I don't like either of 'em."

"Well, she's going to ask. I can't just keep making excuses. I did that last time. She'll catch on."

"I don't care how you do it. Tell her the food stank – and it did, you know. Tell her I can't stand having to go outside to smoke." They pulled onto their street, the car slowing as they neared their building.

"It's not like we have tons of friends that we can pick and choose from."

"I'd rather have no friends than shitty ones."

"Don't say that." She undid her seat belt and it snapped back into place over her shoulder. "Maybe it'd be better if we had them over to our place."

He pulled into the parking lot behind their building, drove into their spot and turned off the car. "I don't want them in our apartment. She'd probably start cleaning it before she'd sit down to eat." He undid his seat belt and leaned back taking the last few puffs of his cigarette. "Then the whole way home they'd probably talk about how sad it was that we were stuck in an apartment in the city, and how wonderful their shitty little country home is. I don't even wanna give them that opportunity."

She grabbed her purse from the floor, opened her door and got out. He followed. They walked across the parking lot, he a few steps behind. They passed the garbage bin by the back door.

"You know, we forgot to take the garbage out when we left," she said, unlocking the door and pulling it open. "It's probably starting to stink."

He just wanted to get inside, maybe have a drink of gin, another cigarette, and go to bed. He didn't care about the garbage sitting next to their door. He didn't want to talk about this night anymore, he didn't want to do anything that involved thinking or moving. "You can take it out on your way to work tomorrow," he said, and moved past her into the stairwell.

Lovable subculture of the quick and lively

photo by Matt Morgan

Once upon a time there was this group of people who liked to make people dance and love life.

by Zoë Bake-Paterson

The energetic beat slows to a hum as the spiky-haired blonde behind the turntables relaxes his concentrated hunch over the mixing board and leans back.

Taking off his headset, dj Otis Avery (otherwise known as Quinn Best) checks the speakers and leaves the acoustic band to set up. The crowd moves towards the bar for a drink and the noise at Felicita's moves up a notch. It's LushPlush night.

Best stands at the side, drink in hand, surveying the packed bar. A mischievous smile appears and his blue eyes sparkle. He shrugs happily then wanders into the crowd leaving a trail of Lebhauft Collective and LushPlush stickers on jackets and shirts in his wake.

It's been three years since the Lebhauft Collective began playing on Wednesday nights at Felicita's. Even though they are nearing their 70th show, the collective of five active members, and up to 15 others – all part of Best's LushPlush mixed-media production company – still draws a crowd of more than a hundred people.

Best says they aim to have a great sound, but the results are unpredictable. "It's a venue for emerging players," he says. "We don't encourage well-known musicians."

It is a space for musical experimentation. The group mixes electronic and acoustic music. They treat turntables like instruments and open the venue to live bands.

"So much of the underground music scene is about mixed music," says Best. "LushPlush breaks through into the public eye and makes these sounds more accessible."

So what's the lure?

Best believes the key is fused music.

"Keep it interesting, keep it live. Make it a show."

"There are no rules of can and can't be done in this era," he says.

The Wednesday night shows don't begin until after 9 p.m., yet dozens of UVic students crowd in. It's the one night Felicita's is guaranteed to be busy, even during reading break. Last week they even had a small line-up at the door because so many people showed up.

Patrick Best, brother of Quinn Best and member of Lebhauft, says that they "used to beg friends to come out for the show."

Soon enough, because of word of mouth, people started to come every week.

According to Best, "Lebhauft" means "quick and lively" in German. (*Editor's note: A team of* Martlet *linguitic specialists determined that "Lebhauft" is either German for "lovable" or a misspelling of the German word for "lively." Probably.*)

Best hopes that people come for a fresh mix of sound and culture. There's no guarantee of what Wednesday nights will sound like, but he enjoys the randomness of it, and judging by the crowd, they do too.

Lush Plush happens Wednesday nights at Felicita's. Free.

k

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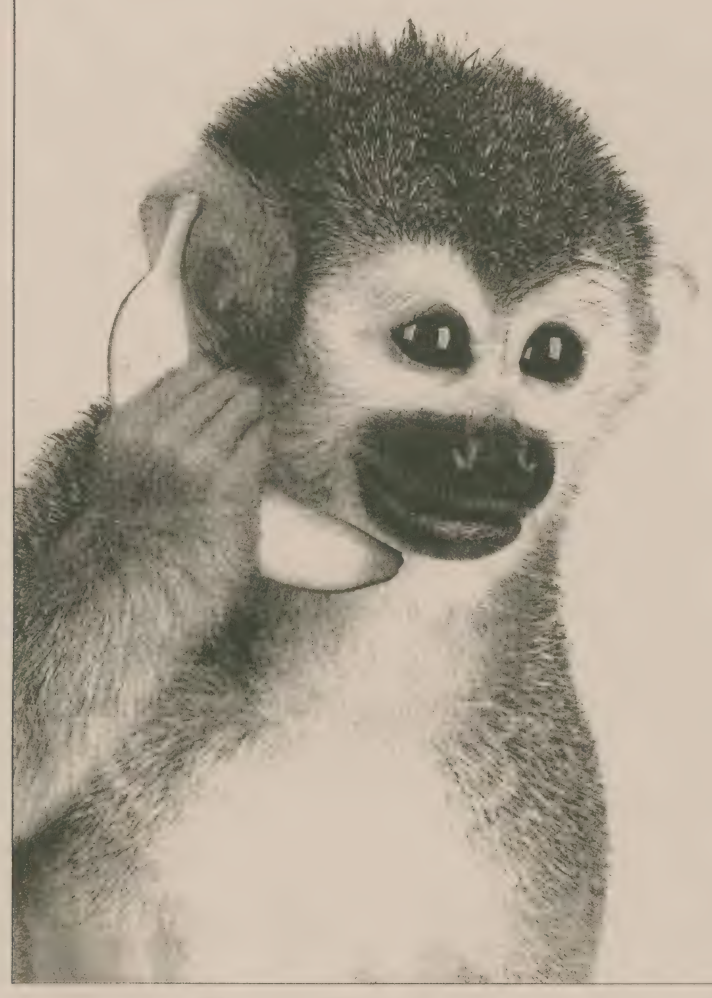

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Jeremy Walsh: Educator of a folk ignoramus

photo by Cameron Walter

Jeremy Walsh ain't no David Koresh, but he converted Cam Walter.

by Cameron Walter

The air at Lucky Bar grew sickly sweet with the smell of spilt lager as a crowd of Celtic folk fans congregated around the bar's high stage, awash with orange and blue light. When the artist finally stepped on stage, he was met with an ocean of hoisted beer glasses and a tidal wave of fervent cheers.

He smiled and picked up his guitar; the man was in his element.

Prior to the concert, I had never heard of Jeremy Walsh, a Victoria-area Celtic folk artist and former member of Scruj Macduhk. Not being what you would call an avid folk fan (my knowledge barely goes beyond Nick Drake, Joni Mitchell and Woody Guthrie), I didn't know what to expect. But Walsh quickly threw my reservations aside, and sent the crowd into a stomping frenzy.

Walsh, along with his five-member backup band, opened with a Middle Eastern-inspired number that shattered all my expectations of folk music, particularly Celtic. The intensity of Walsh's live performance was contagious, as the swarm of people was soon transformed into a flurry of moving bodies and stomping feet.

Walsh knew just what he was doing; you could see it in his face.

"I try to convey the real true spirit of the music," Walsh says. "I put the essence of who I am into my music so the crowd feels it."

Well, it worked. The band progressed through nearly two hours of music. They used virtually every instrument in the folk-rock catalogue, from guitars and violins to tin whistles and a washbasin bass, displaying their mastery of many sub-genres along the way.

The set list moved effortlessly through impossibly fast Celtic sing-alongs, laid back alt-country jives, and ferocious fiddle-centered pieces.

Walsh admits that – on top of the Celtic, Appalachian and bluegrass leanings in his music – there's even an Island influence, which has left the band open to fluidity, with "more room for jamming and departure."

Most of the songs held strong Canadian references that sent the already entranced crowd into further fury, and sent more beer falling towards the floor and myself.

It was then, bruised from the stompers and smelling like a first-year res building, that I understood Jeremy Walsh and his musical message. It's all about having fun, opening up, and letting the music move you.

Jeremy Walsh is intensely energetic and sometimes brazen in his love for the music, but so is his backing band, who played, danced, stomped and sang until exhaustion. The intensity of Walsh's live show kept the arms and legs flailing around me until the dying end. The band showed absolutely no signs of letting up.

So, would I call myself a born-again folk fan? No, no. Instead, I found myself just having fun and feeling the music – finally understanding where a folk artist was coming from. Undeniably, Walsh is incredible not only at songwriting and performing, but also at connecting with his audience.

As I left the crazed air of Lucky Bar, I understood folk music just a little bit more.

Jeremy Walsh's new album Self Titled Debut *is now available at local retailers.*

Pot Planet is "good shit, man," concludes reviewer

Pot Planet: Adventures in Global Marijuana Culture
Grove Press, New York
by Brian Preston

by Jason Gondziola

Finally, something for the heady heads that want more from their weed than a clean hit. In this deliciously written book, journalist Brian Preston trots the globe looking to get stoned, from Nepal to Nimbin, Cambodia to Katmandu.
Preston smokes, tokes and jokes with a multinational cast of characters, exploring the complex culture of the global cannabis scene.

Part travelogue, part stoned anthropology, and all entertaining, this is a book about weed and the people who smoke it, grow it and legislate it.

The pages flow naturally from scene to scene so seamlessly that you could probably indulge in some of the subject matter beforehand and still pour through this book.

The voyage begins just across the Georgia Strait in Gibsons, B.C., where Preston learns some horticultural basics while performing the role of judge at a pot contest. He encounters different strains from the two main smokable species, namely Cannabis sativa and Cannabis indica. He explains the psychoactive differences between indica and sativa plants:

"Smoke a sativa and go for a swim, and you're likely to feel yourself to be a water sprite, splashing on the diamond surface. Smoke an indica, and you'll feel yourself a shark, with an urge to hold long breaths and descend to the murky depths."

From the Sunshine Coast, we follow the intrepid reporter as he roams country to country, following his nose wherever the pungent odour leads him.

The skunky smell soon has him sharing joints, bongs and chillums with people from all walks of life.

Recreational users, activists and people who use pot as a religious sacrament abound throughout the book, and the reader is left seeing there is more to the drug than the classic pothead stereotypes. Marijuana has a culture, as varied as the non-smoking global equivalent, and Preston unearths it in this smoothly entertaining read.

Having said that, the book also focuses on the fun side of pot – getting high. His descriptions of being stoned are very accurate, and one can't help but crave a little puff of space cabbage when reading passages like this:

"At the first toke, that strange bodily sense of eagerness and impatience takes hold, a longing for the remembered indolent happiness of being high.

The mere taste of it in mouth and lungs brings on the longing. Then comes the payoff - that great whoooooooooooosh of feeling uplifted, like some unseen force is tucking its hands into your armpits and whispering, Come fly with me. I feel light, giddy, high. We are all high."

Pot Planet is also rife with political commentary. Preston is overtly anti-prohibition throughout, giving lucid accounts of the developments in worldwide cannabis law and the groundbreaking court cases that may pave the way to legalization.

The book ends with a "Pot Polemic" that speaks to curious first-timers, children of America's rigid drug war and the general public, inhaling or not. It leaves the reader saddened yet hopeful. It is a face-to-face confrontation with the truth of North American existence, and the desire to do something about it.

The book left me feeling idealistic, as if all the world's problems could be solved if we all just chilled out, went out for a long walk to meet our international brothers and sisters, took it easy and burned one down.

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Fat Tuesday's (123 Gorge Rd East) 10:45 pm
Return departures from Fat Tuesday's to anywhere on the "Shaggin' Waggon" route, between 1 am and 2 am!

ember swift BRINGS IT ON DOWN!

photo by Suzy Malik

Ember Swift has more up her sleeve than miraculously changing hair

by Sarah Petrescu

Ember Swift is a road junkie. She tours constantly with longtime bandmate Lyndell Montgomery and a roving roster of drummers.

Ember's tireless schedule is not a by-product of itchy feet. No, what she does is part something she believes in and part pure pleasure. She sees herself as not only a musician, but also as an activist who uses her trade to promote important issues of social justice.

The Ember Swift ensemble was formed in 1996 when Swift met Montgomery. Since then, the group has gained an international following of fans that appreciates their principles and their high-charged live shows.

When I speak to her, Swift is on her cell phone. She's in her van, driving away from "Nowhere," Saskatchewan.

Martlet: The first time I saw you play was for a Women's Centre fundraiser in Roberts Creek in 1999. Now you're coming to UVic to play a show sponsored by the Women's Centre on campus. Do you make a point of doing shows that support women's organizations?

Ember: Yes, definitely. It's difficult when we are touring and travelling to do benefits because we need to make sure we can get from one town to the next. We get asked to do a lot and we try to do as much as we can.

M: Do you consider yourself a spokesperson for women/queer women?

E: Not at all. If people view me that way, I can't really do anything about it. It's flattering but also a little unnerving. It makes me think "Whoa, I better watch what I say."

I'm not the only one doing this or saying the things I do. There are a lot of us out there who are raising our voices.

M: Activism is a major theme in your music. So many artists start out idealistic, then decide they need some retribution and give up their former principles. Have you been tempted to do so?

E: Never. Absolutely not. I think that is so lame. I'm not interested in sacrificing my beliefs and ethical positions. I'd rather be dead than start singing "Ooh baby, baby..." songs.

M: You were asked by MP Bill Graham (now Canada's minister of foreign affairs) to submit a brief to the parliamentary commission about Canada's post-Sept. 11 security legislation. Why were you asked?

E: It was coincidental. I was at an awards ceremony for *NOW* magazine and he and I had both won in "best of" categories. I won for best new vocalist and he won for best MP. We were sitting at the same table and got to talking about legislation being considered after Sept. 11, like Bills C-35 and C-36. We got on to this great discussion and he called me the next day and asked me to speak at the commission. I was touched to be asked, but I was going on tour at the time so I submitted a written commentary instead.

M: What did you give them?

E: It was an open letter stating my position, which was against the legislation they were trying to pass. As a travelling musician I am in contact with activists all across the country. The bills they were trying to pass were targeting the wrong people. They pointed the finger at activism, rather than looking at the real causes for terrorism. In my opinion, the police were becoming more like terrorists than the activists.

M: Let's talk about your bandmates. What makes you say, "Wow, you're fucking amazing" about them?

E: (laughs) Well, I've been working with Lyndell for a long time and she is just an amazing musician. I say, "Wow!" every night. She is innovative, creative and a great listener. She often blows me away. Adam Bowman is our new drummer on this tour. He is doing great. Like Lyndell, he's just a kick-ass player.

Lyndell and I have been lucky to have played with such a variety of amazing musicians, especially in the last year. I feel thankful everyday for what I'm doing.

Ember Swift plays at Felicita's on Mon., Dec. 2 @ 9p.m. with guest Rae Spoon.

Mayes in heaven

by Katrina Sark

She is only 23 years old and has already written over 70 original songs. Her music makes you dream and yearn, and want more. Her voice is rich and smooth; it picks you up and carries you into a different world.

Aiden Mayes is a local singer and songwriter whose first concert in the Okanagan this summer was a sold-out success. People of all ages came to be mesmerized by her honest and emotional lyrics, delicate voice and guitar, and her undeniably radiant stage presence.

Mayes is currently completing her final year at the Canadian College of Performing Arts in Victoria, where she is further developing her acting, singing, and dancing skills. She recently had the opportunity to record some brand-new original works with Bob Foster, Jann Arden's co-writer and accompanist.

Aidan's music fits into a genre she fondly calls "heart songs." She will soon be performing at the Lucky Bar, along with manager and poet Zara Taylor, who promises to awaken everyone's ears with her sultry verses and political rhymes. The show combines poetry and beats, voice and guitar, drums and piano, as well as tantalizing lyrics.

"This will be the first of many concerts in Victoria," Aidan promises. "I've been working very hard the last couple of weeks, trying to put everything together. It will be a great show."

"I've been working like crazy trying to balance school, performances, and the Friday night. It will be one hell of a night."

Mayes and Taylor play at Lucky Bar Nov. 29.

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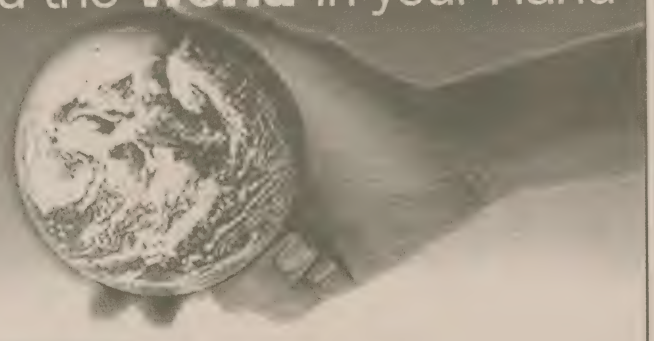

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One Louder: Amps to Eleven crank it up

by Sarah Petrescu

Lately, Victoria seems to be a band mill, churning out groups of hopeful rockers.

The success of local groups like Hot Hot Heat and Moneyshot has laid the red carpet for new bands in search of success (monetary at least). But, as this rock fervor grows and more groups form, the ones who offer something unique will float above the rest.

And that is exactly what Amps to Eleven aim to do.

Amps to Eleven are Dave Kopp on vocals and acoustic guitar, Jake McEwan on percussion, Mike Huffman on bass, and Drew Novakowski on guitar. The group formed in May of this year when Kopp answered an ad that McEwan had posted in search of a frontman.

Kopp auditioned along with a few others and was clearly the best choice for what the group wanted to do.

"He had a lot of original material and a musical background that was compatible with ours," says McEwan.

McEwan wanted to form a hard rock band, but he wanted to make sure that all members had strong musical histories.

"I come from a jazz and rock background and Drew and Mike have punk backgrounds," McEwan says. "Dave came in and sat down with his acoustic guitar and we ended up being a melodic rock band."

The band members describe their music as heavy sounding but with a strong harmonic edge. Once formed, Amps to Eleven wasted no time in heading towards their goals.

"We just decided we wanted to make a CD right away and be the biggest band in Victoria," says Kopp.

By September, the group had enough material for an album. By early November, they had finished recording. The record will be out as soon as they decide which label to sign with – yes, they have options already.

For the time being, Amps to Eleven are playing as many live shows as possible. The group made history at their first gig – at a lawn-bowling club – when Kopp was thrown off a mechanical bull and proceeded to play the show bleeding.

"I was the grumpiest mofo there, but I played anyway," says Kopp.

"That's rock and roll, when you're bleeding and drunk and you can still play a gig."

Amps to Eleven want to rock. Still, they maintain that there is more to their music than the hardcore energy.

"It's a loud show, but we retain a lot of melody and harmony," says McEwan. "We're not playing loud to cover our mistakes. We're all trained musicians."

The group is confident in their music as well as their ability to work together, especially after getting such a strong response at recent shows.

"We rocked the roof off the Lucky Bar when we played there," says Kopp. "It was so great to see everybody having a good time listening to us."

Amps to Eleven are not shy about where they want to go. In fact, their open and playful ambitiousness is refreshing, in contrast to the hordes of rockers who deem it "uncool" to be proud of what they do.

"First we are going to get signed. Then we are going to do a number of skate and snowboard videos," says McEwan. "We plan to go on tour in April."

photo by Sarah Petrescu

Movin' on up: Amps to Eleven takes on Victoria, then the world!

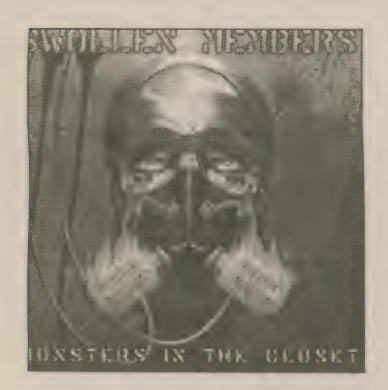
"After four years of university I think being a rock star sounds a lot better," adds Kopp.

Amps to Eleven will be playing at Felicita's this weekend, and welcome all comers.

"Come see us," says McEwan. "Even if you don't like us, you may appreciate seeing a rock show of this magnitude."

Amps to Eleven play early at Felicita's Nov. 30 for the UVic Surf Club Bash and Dave's birthday.

Swollen Members show what's in their closet



Swollen Members
Monsters in the Closet
Battle Axe

by Jon Pentney

On their previous album, *Bad Dreams*, the Swollen Members perfected their curt, though fluid, rap style. It was sometimes eccentric, sometimes tough and sometimes playful. Now with the release of their eagerly anticipated album *Monsters in the Closet*, life just keeps getting better for Vancouver's finest hip hop group.

Don't judge this book by its cover; the group considers this 20-track album only their second-and-a-half release.

Why? Because it's loaded with B-sides, remixes, and medleys, as well as fresh tracks to help promote this album to older fans. Among the noteworthy jams are "Breathe," featuring Victoria's princess of pop Nelly Furtado, "Long Way Down," which uses samples from Sarah McLachlan, and Moka Only's cloak and dagger lyrics on "Red Dragon."

The chemistry between the partners in rhyme, Prevail, Mad Child and Moka Only, seems further developed on the highly animated hits "Bring It Home" and "Steppin' Thru." However, several of the other songs on disc are just basic hip hop - a little too basic.

Regardless, the Members are at the forefront of the Canadian hip hop scene because of their hard-slicing beats and militant lyrical content. They may consider *Monsters in the Closet* to be only half an album, but if it's a sign of things to come then there's a lot more in the closet to get excited about.

Pros: Beats! Beats! Beats! Put this album in and shake your moneymaker all night.

Cons: This reproduction of their previous albums is a bit one-dimensional.

Bottom Line: *Monsters in the Closet* is a welcome arrival for faithful fans. As for the in-the-closet fans you better use your roommate's computer to download the hype tracks.

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Web: www.re.ualberta.ca
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Check your head (into emergency)

self-portrait by Rich Cole

by Rich Cole

(The following is a factual account of how I ruined my entire mountain bike race season in a 24-hour period.)

If you've ever wanted a broken cheekbone, a concussion, dirt rash on half your body and a scar on your face, here's the guide you've been looking for. Twelve steps to hurting your head.

Step 1: Get drunk. Really Drunk. Get drunk tonight. Get drunk right now; I'm talking about the level of intoxication achievable only from sucking the last drop of warm foam from a parched keg.

Step 2: Sleep. After only a few hours, wake up. Set as many alarms as possible beforehand, before you start drinking. Call some friends. Keep calling until you rouse them from their drunken slumbers. Shout, "Dude, get up. Let's go ride that new bike trail." Don't take no for an answer.

Step 3: Go to 7-Eleven and buy the largest Slurpee possible. Buy two if you can afford it. If the store clerk gives you a weird look, perhaps because your pupils are the size of a Fat Boys lp record and the Slurpee in your grip is bigger than you are, take a sip of your icy treat, nod and say, "Ah, yes. Breakfast of champions, my friend." Don't forget to pay for it. God knows you will eventually.

Step 4: Drive. To each of your friend's houses. Barge into their rooms and get them the hell out of bed. If they need motivation, yell obscenities. Say, "C'mon you pansy. Sleep when you're dead." Load their sorry asses and bikes in your automobile.

Step 5: Punk rock. Crank it. From this point on, remember to say things like "Whoa," "Gnarly" and "Dude."

Step 6: Forget. When you arrive at the bike trail, don't pump your tires. Take one last Slurpee hit and tuck into the trail.

Step 7: Break down and feign ignorance. After about five minutes of pedalling faster than a meth dealer in a remedial spin class, yell "Whoa! Gnarly! Dude! My tire's flat." Deny forgetting to pump up your tire. Blame it on a shoddy tube. Or the bellboy. Damn that Bronson Pinchot.

Step 8: Start over. Go back to the vehicle, pump up your tire, slurp up what's left of the sugar and ice, and proceed to the trailhead.

Step 9: Yahoo. Once reaching the downhill trail, titled "Devil's Kitchen," or "Beelzebub's Walk-In Closet," don't waste any time by scouting it out on foot. If you stop at this point you'll hurl a mixture of Slurpee and trail dust. Scream "Yahoo" and drop in to the steep single track.

Step 10: Don't worry. Don't stress too much about finding a safe line between the rocks and trees. Ten steps into it, you're too damned far into it to be considering logic.

Your front tire hits a huge rock. You launch off your seat like Superman, but without the cape and the body made of steel. Enjoy the strange, wonderful moment. As your body goes from mach chicken to a dead-stop, thanks to the big boulder your head just connected with, drop like a sack of hammers and yell "Fuck."

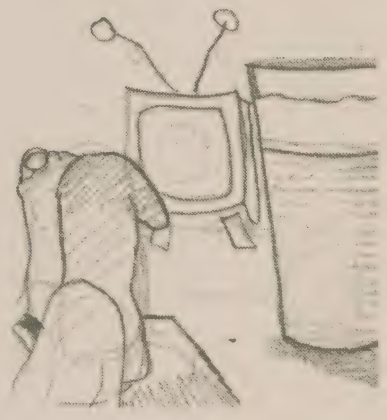
Step 11: Bleed. A lot. Look at the helmet that lies in pieces beside you and mutter "Whoa! Gnarly! Dude! Holy shit!" a few zillion times.

Step 12: Enjoy. As your friends run down to get you, take in the beauty of the situation. That hang-over. The broken cheekbone. The countless cuts and scrapes. The scar that will change your appearance forever. Enjoy them. You earned each one.

Mano a mano:

Sober thoughts on Sunday's Cup

by Patrick White
Illustration by Jeffrew Weston



For me, every November since I was about 16, the Grey Cup has been inseparable from beer. I've emptied the bottles, cans, and glasses that have sat on the tables of relatives and friends in the space of a three-and-out possession. Sometimes I've downed beer that belonged to my weak-livered kin.

This year I found sober reflection, and a group of friends who cared only for inferior four-down football played by overpaid, coke-sniffing prima donnas.

And so it was that need for beer and a more sympathetic crowd which led me to Big Bad John's last Sunday. In the Strathcona Hotel's faux-ramshackle pub I found about a dozen others staring at the Montreal Alouettetes and the Edmonton Eskimos on two old televisions, sipping watery Blue for $3.25 a crack.

This season was considered a breakthrough for the CFL, though I was hard-pressed to convince the group at BBJ's of this point.

"I watch the Cup every year," said one guy with an old Saskatchewan Roughriders sweater. "Went to see it a couple of years ago. There isn't much to this game."

The average player in the Canadian Football League earns roughly $50,000 a year, and that, unlike the salaries of hockey players in Canada, is in paltry canuck currency. Pub patrons with old sweaters and cheap beer can identify with being $1,000,000 poorer than their American equivalents.

Through 90 years of Grey Cups, like-minded blue-collar fans have maintained a fairly steady mano a mano connection with the plumbers of the CFL.

Though rust accumulated in the 80s and 90s with monkey wrench franchises in Birmingham and Shreveport (I dare anyone to tell me where that is on a map), and the loss of gaskets in Montreal and Ottawa led the CFL to a place where any psychic would've predicted folding the entire league was in the cards, stabilized ownership and always-strong marketing brought the league back from the brink.

It's unfortunate the Grey Cup didn't stand up to the expectations of most of those gathered in front of the televisions. The icy conditions at Edmonton's Commonwealth Stadium made for a lot of bungled plays, slipping, and bruised asses. Once Shania Twain finished her two songs at half-time, a few people bundled off from the City of Champions' north side.

In the second half, more people seemed interested in peanuts and debating Michael Jackson's mental state. A man and woman, seated at the bar, chatted in French, much faster than I can understand. Whenever the Alouettes made a good play, the woman clapped excitedly and the man cracked a modest smile.

Only steps away, in the Sticky Wicket, a dozen or so rosy-cheeked patrons cheered on the Eskies. At the urinals, during a break in the action, one of them told me he and his group flew into Victoria from Edmonton for the weekend to attend a sales conference forced upon them by a cruel boss.

"It's a real piss-off considering the company gave us free tickets to the Grey Cup and then sent us here," he said.

With seconds left in the game, the Alouettes scored to put the game out of reach for the Eskimos. The Edmontonians settled their bill and left before the final whistle sounded. Back at BBJ's, the French couple grinned, arms around one another.

Minutes later, after the whole bar had been to the can, most of the patrons emptied wearily into the streets, thinking more about where they parked than the biggest football game of the year – a scene no doubt repeated in a thousand towns across the country.

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Stand-out Vikes hoping for outstanding seasons

by Mark Samcoe
photos provided by Pete Lewis

Better living through chemistry is the title of a Fatboy Slim record, the one that broke him into the mainstream. It's also an apt label for the Vikes women's basketball team

"We had a bit of a rough season last year," says Vikes guard Lindsay Anderson. So far this year, the Vikes have shown marked improvement from last year, with an increased focus on a team effort.

"There's way better chemistry," Anderson says. "People worked a lot harder in the off-season."

The fifth-year commerce student, in her last season with the Vikes, is completing a co-op work term in the Athletics and Recreation office in the McKinnon building.

Although the Vikes swept Trinity Western last weekend to improve to 4-2 on the season, Anderson refrained from labeling the victories a total success. "We could've been a bit better," she says, "but we did win, which was good."

After being sidelined for a month with an ankle injury, and forced to sit out four games, Anderson's nearly at full strength.

"I'm definitely not where I should be," she says. "I'm still a bit rusty."

However, when Anderson's on the court, she doesn't dwell on the lingering effects of recovery. "I don't notice the pain because of the adrenaline," she says.

"It's nice to see Lindsay back," says head coach Brian Cheng. "She's really shown her leadership, especially defensively."

The life of a varsity athlete requires a happy medium between sport and study. Anderson believes her tenure with the Vikes has rounded out her education.

"It's really added to my university life," she says. "You meet so many people. Without it, I wouldn't be as involved."

Anderson's garnered much success in her time at UVic, both individual and team. The former rookie of the year and two-time all-star, and member of the 2000 national championship team is entertaining thoughts of playing professionally in Europe, once she completes her studies at UVic.

Anderson's looking forward to the weekend's home series against UBC. The Thunderbirds have lost only once in six regular season games, and sit atop Canada West's Pacific Division.

"They're going to be really good games," she says. "We match up really well."

The first thing I noticed about the Vikes men's basketball team this season wasn't the absence of a former Rookie of the Year, the presence of a new post, or the return of a shooting guard. It was the hair.

Accustomed to the closely cropped, or completely shorn hairstyles of past Vikes, the shaggy locks of several Vikes, like Chris Trumpy and Reagan Daly caught me off guard. I wasn't thinking "Damn hippies," nor humming showtunes from Hair, though I did ignorantly presume there was some sort of inherent Steve Nash factor.

Shaun Doherty, the Vikes starting point guard, who until this season sported a conservative hairstyle, assures me it's not an homage to the Mavericks' guard.

"Maybe it's a west coast thing," he says.

In only his second year at UVic, Doherty has established himself as a key to the Vikes' success.

"I see myself being more and more of a leader," he says, comparing his role to that of a "third coach."

"Doherty's playing as best as I've ever seen him in a Vikes uniform," says head coach Guy Vetrie.

Doherty, a sociology and political science double major, finds that splitting his focus between books and basketball creates a fine balance.

"It keeps me on task, and organized," he says.

He's had plenty of time to refine the equilibrium. The humble six-footer from Lennoxville, PQ has been playing ball since fourth grade. In seventh grade, he was banging the boards in practice with high school seniors.

"I grew up around a lot of good people that played an important role in basketball," says Doherty.

He's as concerned with improving his game as he is with his off-court role.

"I always want to become a better passer," says Doherty, who's also looking to shoot the ball more effectively.

His future plans also include Law School, and more immediately, volunteer work for the United Nations and the Crohn's and Colitis Foundation of Canada.

And of course, Doherty wants a berth in the CIS Nationals in March.

"It's something we've all addressed," he says.

Coming off a split with Trinity Western last weekend, UVic sits at 3-3, good for a three-way tie for second place in the contentious Canada West Conference's Pacific Division.

Doherty wants two things against UBC this weekend at the McKinnon Gym. Victories.

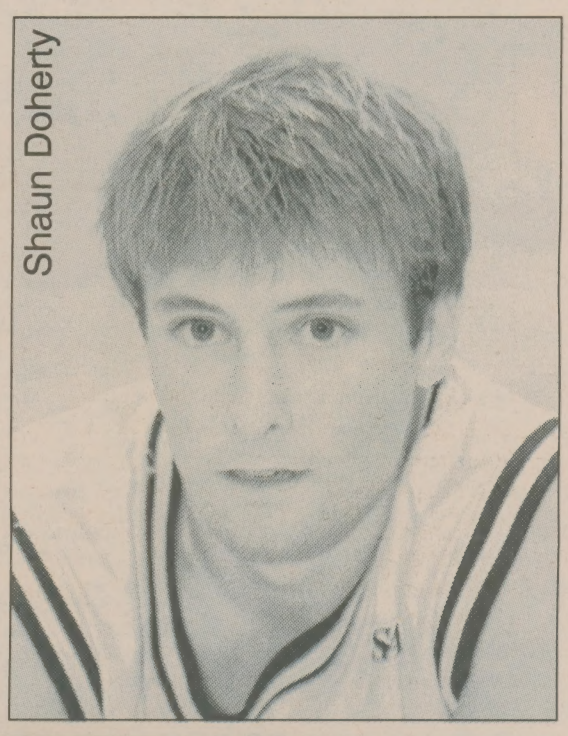
"It would put us in a nice spot for the second semester," he says. "UBC has two dominant players. If we can shut them down we'll be fine."

The Vikes will again have to contend with a shortened bench – another noticeable change in the Vikes appearance this season.

"There are more guys in street clothes than in uniform," says Doherty, commenting on the injury bug which has bitten the UVic roster and held on tight.

Doherty also hopes the perpetual want for more student fans at games will be fulfilled, as was hinted two weeks ago against Simon Fraser.

"Kids and families will always be there," says Doherty. "It'd be nice to see more fans out for the women's games. They play hard."



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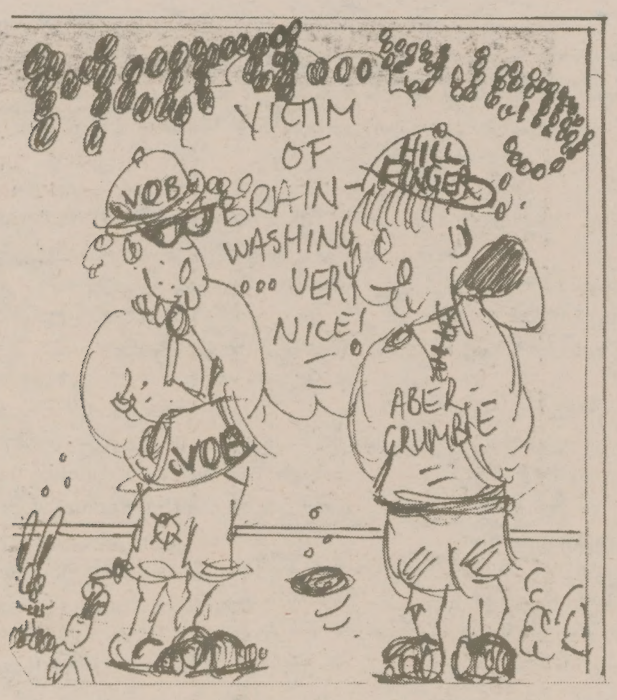

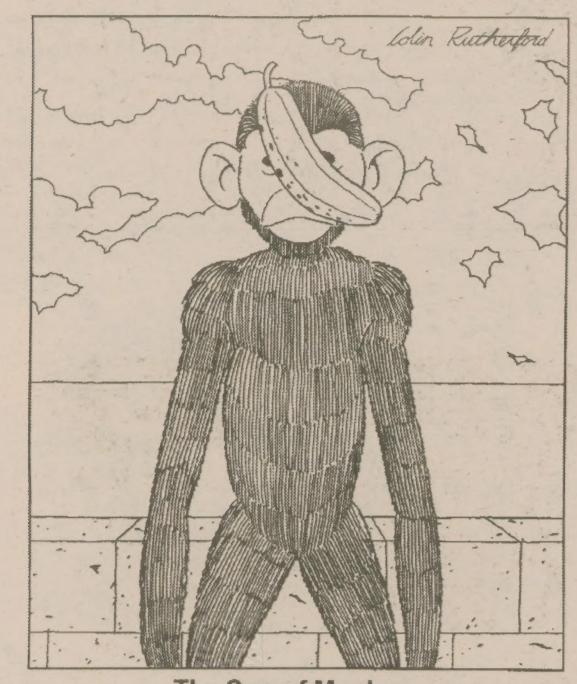

The Son of Monkey.

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COUGH
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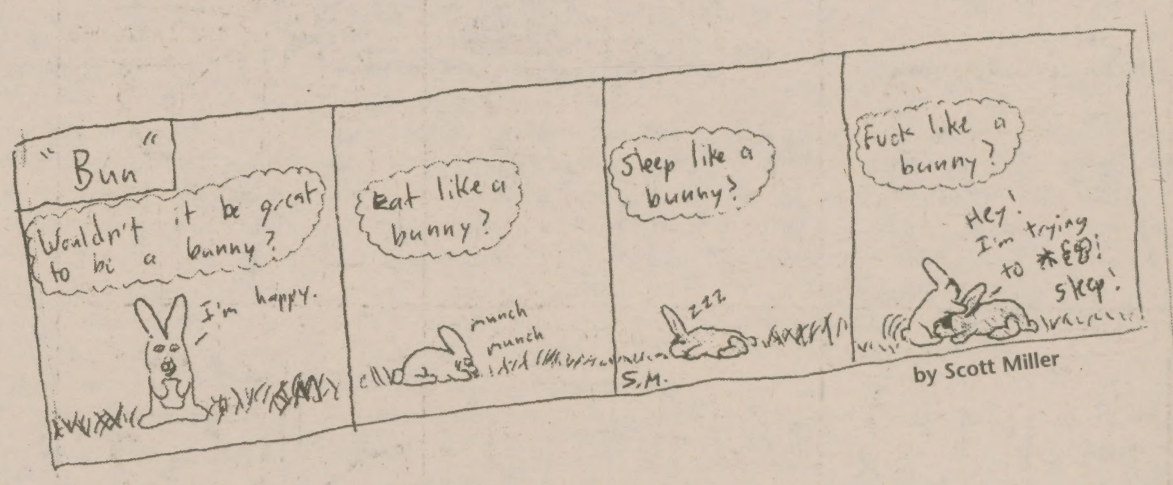
UH OH. SOUNDS LIKE THE BUBONIC PLAGUE.
I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S JUST A COLD, FUZZ.
NOPE, IT'S THE PLAGUE. WE'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE YOUR HEAD.
THAT'S NOT A CURE FOR ANYTHING!!!
IT HELPED MY LITTLE-GOES-POTTY-SALLY DOLL!
CK I-- I LOVE *ZH* YOU-- *CRICK*



by Scott Miller

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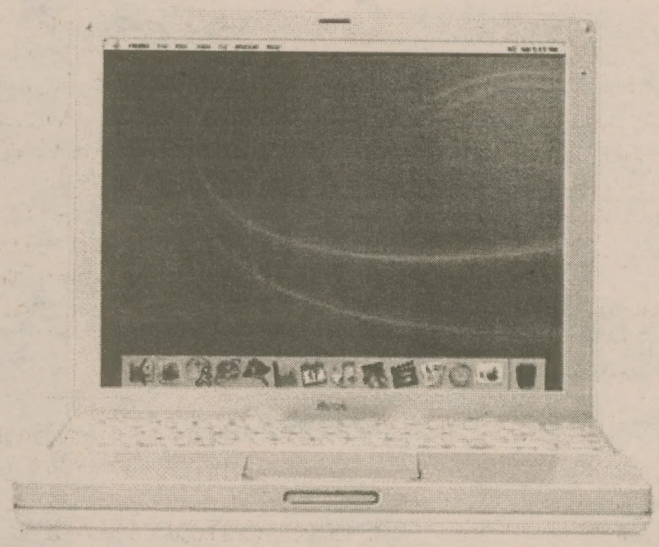

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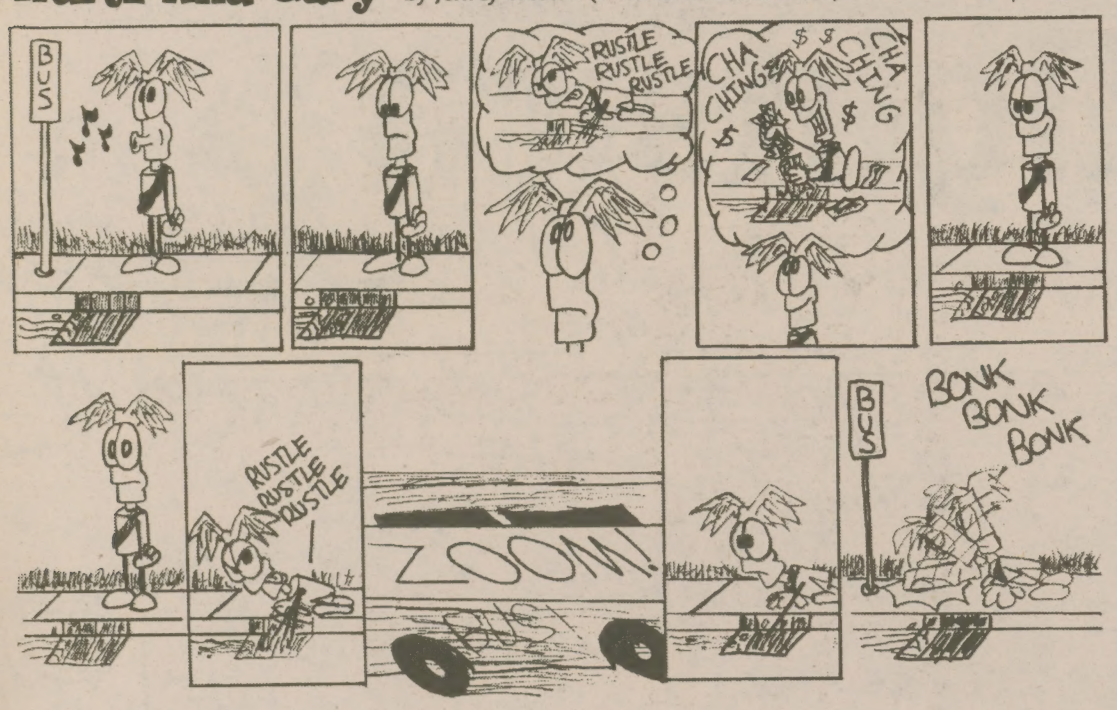
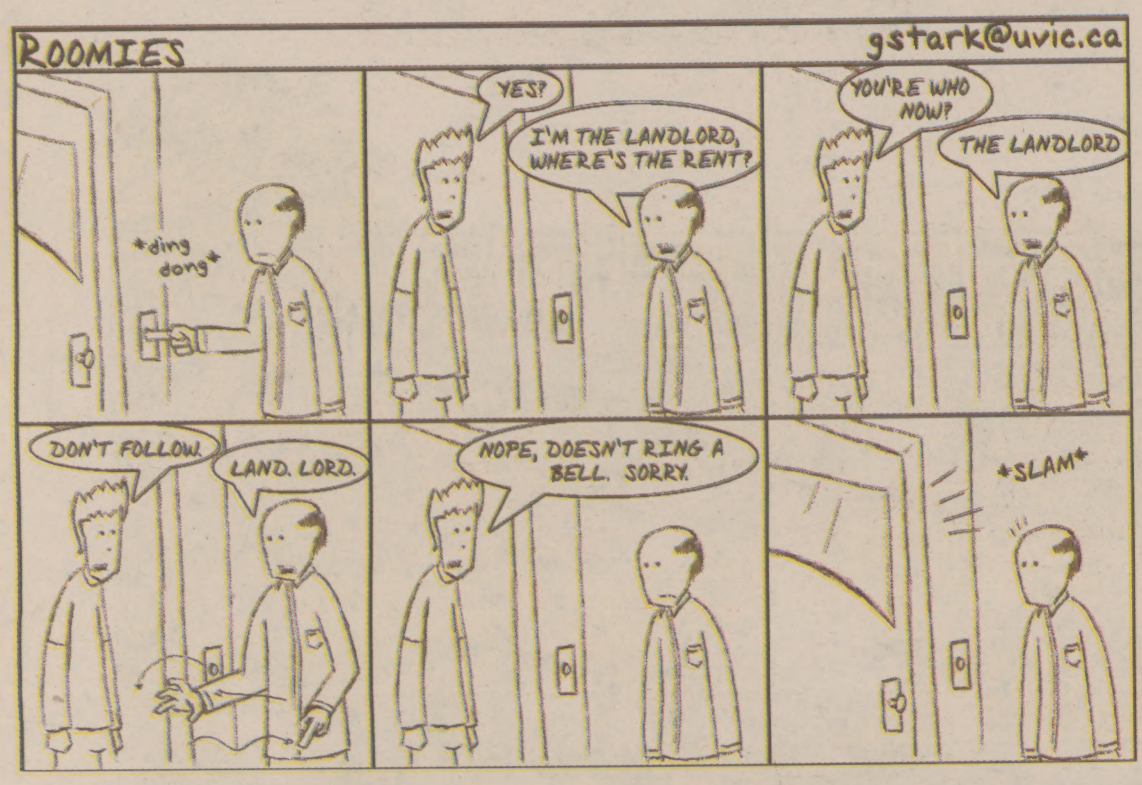
Kurtz And Gary

by Jeffrey Weston (westoons@hotmail.com)





OLGA VAN TANDENBERG

JOB INTERVIEW # 1322
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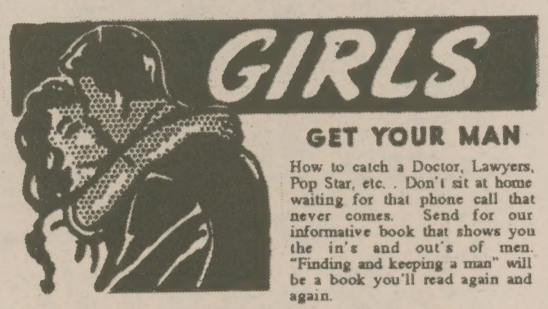
WITH A BAD COMB-OVER ASKING SOME GAL WHO'S GOT NO CHANCE IN HELL OF GETTING A JOB THAT VERY SAME QUESTION.
AND STAY OUT
SLAM
GUESS THAT MEANS NO CHANCE IN HELL...



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by Alex Solunac

k

Billboards

on campus

Final Solutions: Are we so different? Mixedmedia, drawings, paintings, sculptures, prints from 1980 to 1996. Artist Amy Ainbinder, available to speak with classes and has two films to share if interested: *Silent Witness* by Harriet Wichin and *The Vienna Tribunal* by Gerry Rogers. Both are award-winning filmmakers. For more info, call 995-1316.

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Winter Freeze. Presented by Art 380. An exhibit displaying works from UVic students. Main gallery, Visual Arts Building, Dec. 2 to 7, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily. A reception will be held on Dec. 5 from 6 to 8 p.m.

off campus

Sagram 2002 presented by Victoria Hindu Temple. An enchanting evening of Indian song, dance, music and food. Nov. 30. 7 p.m. Philip T. Young Hall, UVic School of Music. $15. Entry fee includes 2 samosas, 1 sweet and 1 chai tea. For more info call 475-1212.

Me. I am always off campus. You know the where, you know the why. Please. Please. Find me. I am a poodle named Jock. Oh.

announcements

Catholic Students' Association Twilight Retreat Sun. Dec. 1, 5:00 – 8:00 p.m. after the 4:00 p.m. Mass at Holy Cross Parish, 4049 Gordon Head Road. Come celebrate the beginning of the season of Advent with a simple meal and an evening of reflection, prayer and discussion. All welcome.

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General automotive repair. Engine swaps, clutches, brakes, electrical, tune-ups, etc. Student discount on labour and parts. 479-5036 or 744-3386.

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Apple iBook. Good condition. Call Stewart at 884-7691.

accommodation

Spacious Victoria 3-bedroom apartment hardwood floors, gas fireplace, large kitchen and dining room, porch, parking included. Available Dec. 1. $1200. 382-7134. North Park area.

lost

Did you find my pipe? Glass, multi-coloured. Lost on Fri. Nov. 1. Sentimental value. Reward offered. Call Jen 592-7816.

for sale

Microwave. $25. Call Kat, 380-1577.

hey you

So, what, I write a complimentary Hey you, and I don't even get a response? C'mon, it's free! And I *know* you read it.

Back in the day, I used to think, "He's not such a bad guy, really," and I would tell all my friends the same. Now I think, "He *is* a bad guy after all, and deserves to be punished. Very very bad. Bad." Happy anniversary, baby. Love, Cynthia.

You were worth the fight, my "Ultimate Ambassador." P.S. Saturday – just the bandanas! Muh! – Nicole

Hey, guys, so I was thinking like after the show we could go get some beers. Guys?

When we were kissing at Sugar the other night, sorry, I was the tall guy with the kickin' silver chain my moms hooked me up with for my last B-day, and those leather, I'm sorry again, I am doing this honesty kick, *patent leather* pants which look so good on me, I think I sucked the gum right out of your mouth. Do you want it back? If so, I can probably do something for you in exchange for your phone number. They call me Spider. You can find me at Starbucks downtown most weeknights.

Emily, don't move away! I will have no E.C. dancing partner left. Take care. Love, Nicole.

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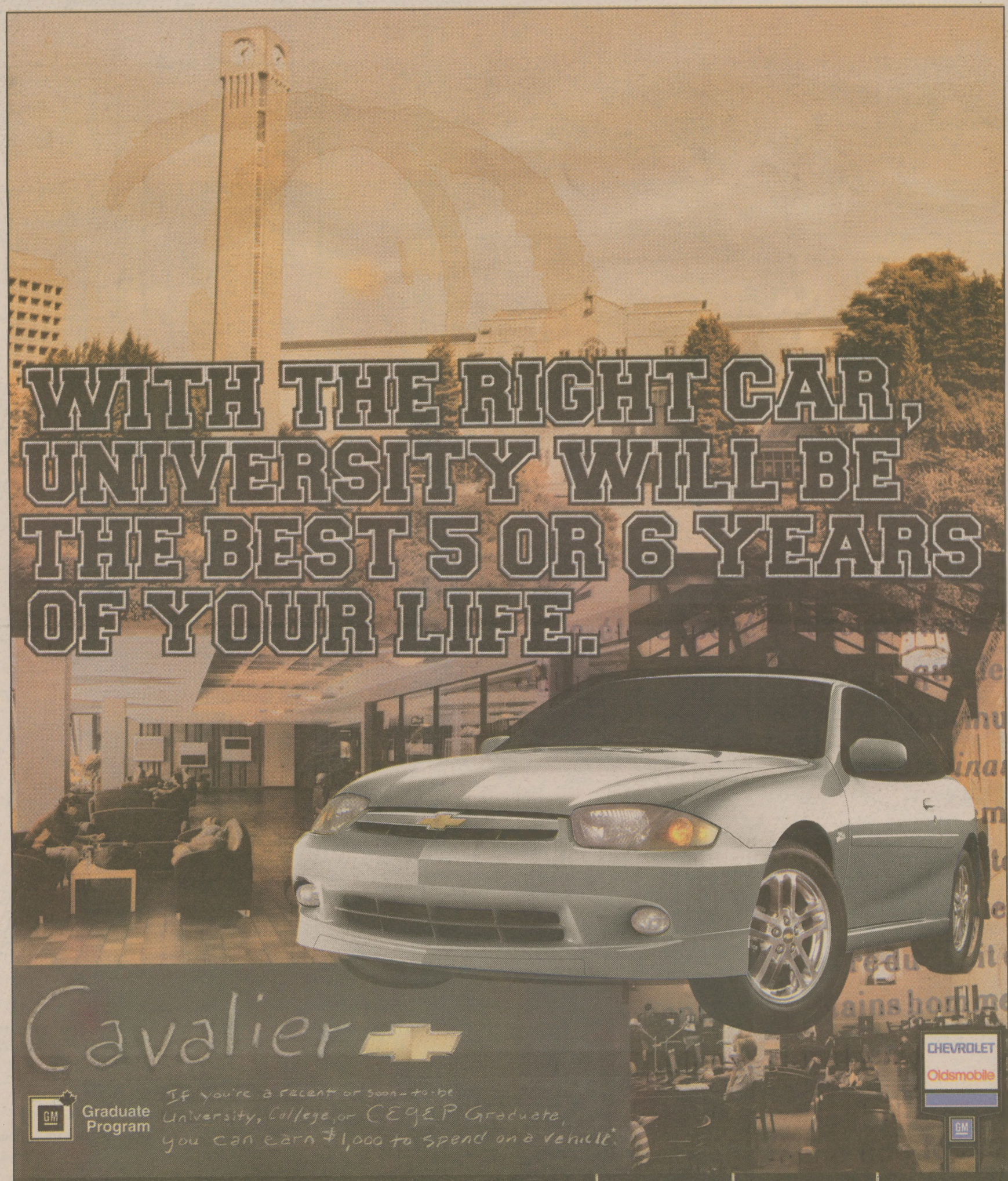
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